BEGINS THIS WEEK

MADE FOR MAN: Straight from today's front pages, the sparkling, provocative new novel by A. P. HERBERT

Week ending May 10 1958
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

IS IKE UP TO THE JOB?

The Badger Feud *by* NORAH BURKE

THE HUNT FOR KIMATHI

Ian Henderson's own story of his jungle struggle with Mau Mau

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Free Speech

Why Aren't Men As Useful As Women?

I was sitting by the fire knitting, and my husband looked up from the novel he was reading to remark, "Isn't it grand to relax?"

The theory, I suppose, is that knitting isn't work—that it corresponds with his idle reading as a form of relaxation. I've noticed this before. When I come back from my afternoon at the Townswomen's Guild he asks, "Enjoy yourself?" and obviously thinks of it as the equivalent of his Saturday afternoon at a football match. In fact I will have spent the afternoon learning to do invisible mending or jam-making, or some other money-saving homecraft.

I suppose the reason is that all men's hobbies are useless and impractical whereas women can't bear to waste time that could be better used.

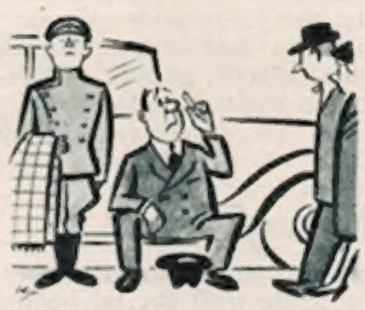
But if we women charged the housekeeping account with the shop prices for every pair of socks we knit and every pound of jam we make, husbands would soon have to cut down on their own expensive hobbies such as photography and golf.

MRS. N. F. WALLACE, THORNTON HEATH, SURREY.

★ ★ ★

No Recession Here

How refreshing to read Harold Life's admission that he is making a satisfactory profit ("Brides Are Making My Fortune," JOHN BULL, April 19). All we usually hear from business men are moans and groans about the losses they always seem to make. One would think a profit was almost unknown in the business world.



W. GORE, WEST STREET, NEWBURY, BERKS.

★ ★ ★

The Long Drop

The dream that one is falling and the theory that the completed fall would be fatal ("Free Speech," April 19) interested me very much. I often dream that I am falling off a cliff and I always hit the ground at the bottom. The sensation is a pleasant one, so that I always dream I run up to the top of the cliff and jump off again. Incidentally the landing is always a soft one.

MRS. CAROLE BILLHAM, SHORTRIDGE TERRACE, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE.

★ ★ ★

Lots Of Flashes

As a policeman who regularly does point duty, I am convinced that the flashing light trafficator can be a menace. These lights are invariably surrounded by a mass of glittering chromium, with the result that strong sunlight sparkling on the front of the car makes the tiny flashing light quite invisible. I have frequently waved on approaching cars only to realize that I had misunderstood the drivers' intentions. Motorists in front and behind must obviously suffer the same difficulty, and unless the flashing lights are very big and very clear, the only answer in daylight is the good old-fashioned hand signal.

A. R., HAMPSHIRE.

★ ★ ★

Snake-eater

I have always been thankful that I was brought up in a boarding school where food fads were ignored: cabbage, fats, boiled cod, prunes and all the other things children dislike had to

Continued on next page

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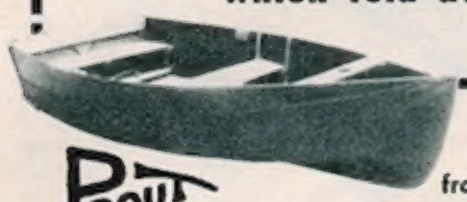

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Free Speech

continued from previous page

be eaten. Consequently I have always been willing to eat anything once, and have enjoyed grilled snake and yams in Africa, many-flavoured curries in India, various imaginative fresh chutneys in Ceylon, snails in France and Germany's numerous sausages.

British people are pitiably conservative and unadventurous about food, and the fault lies with mothers who pander to the immature tastes and whims of their children.

MRS. K. L. SIMMS, CARNAMENA AVENUE, CASTLEREAGH, BELFAST.

Nothing New

The ward sister who advised the application of white of egg to a scald ("Free Speech," April 12) was neither old-fashioned nor a spring chicken. Two years ago the nursing press hailed the use of eggs in the healing of bed sores as revolutionary—and it did work wonders in at least one large teaching hospital here.

But it isn't revolutionary—Ambroise Paré used egg after the battle of Turin, 1537, when he was short of oil, to cauterize gunshot wounds.

J. L., BIRMINGHAM.

"Until Paré used egg, gunshot wounds were treated with boiling oil, which caused gangrene," says a doctor, "so anything was an improvement. Egg albumen can be useful only in excluding air from the wound—it has no curative properties."

Store Tactics

Thirty years ago I used to go shopping with my mother, and I remember that it was a leisurely business. There was invariably a chair at the front of the counter on which the footsore housewife could rest while selecting goods.

But now one can tramp, getting more and more weary, around all classes of store from the snootiest to the humblest without so much as seeing a chair except in the furniture departments. One is told that there is a rest room tucked coyly away on the top floor, but the stores' attitude seems to be "See an item, buy it, beat it."

MRS. E. VARLEY, GIPTON WOOD GROVE, LEEDS 8.

East, West . . .

Living in an English community abroad, I have grown tired of hearing English people boasting about England. What are its virtues? The countryside is

unspectacular, largely uninteresting and surpassed almost anywhere in the world.

The English sense of humour is overrated, superior and sneering. English tolerance makes for silly licensing laws, enforcement of archaic Sunday observance and fearful class-consciousness.

Finally the jury, pride of our legal system, means that twelve unqualified, often unintelligent, people apply their prejudices in the name of justice.

J. MACDONALD, GLASGOW E.

Scald-proof

When we were married in 1919 my wife bought a kettle with the lid behind the handle. There was no fear of scalding your hand in refilling the kettle. Today, however, modern kettle lids seem to have found their way back to the middle of the top surface, so that there is a good chance of being scalded. Seems to me like progress backwards.

R. WRAIGHT, PORTLAND TERRACE, RIPPLE, near DOVER.

"Lots of kettles are made so that you don't scald yourself in refilling them," says a manufacturer. The increasing tendency is to fill them through a wide spout."

Round Pegs

I don't care if my child fails to win a grammar school place in the eleven-plus examination. I want him to go to a secondary modern school.

Grammar school teachers generally are not teachers by vocation; they gained inferior degrees which ruled them out in industry, and have taken up teaching failing anything else.

Secondary modern school teachers may not have high academic qualifications, but they have gone into teaching because they love their job. That's good enough for me.

B. LEWIS, CARDIFF, WALES.

Unconquered

In answering a question in your "Challenge the Famous" feature, you said Lhotse, in the Himalayas, was the highest unclimbed mountain in the world. In fact, Lhotse was climbed, in May, 1956, by the Swiss expedition which also climbed Everest.

The highest unclimbed mountain is now Dhaulagiri, also in the Himalayas, which is 26,795 ft. high.

G. NEILD, PLATTING ROAD, LYDGATE, near OLDHAM, LANCS.

"Dhaulagiri is the highest unclimbed single peak," says the Alpine Club. "But the second summit of Kanchenjunga is still unclimbed and it is 27,803 ft. high. It ranks as the fifth highest peak in the world. Dhaulagiri is the seventh highest."

JOHN BULL pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post.

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THIS WEEK'S COVER

SOME like tulle, some like silk—and some just like to dream. And here's a window-gazer with dreams galore—wistfully recalling times when a bridal carriage ranked above a baby carriage. Romantic? Remember, this bride bought her trousseau on coupons. Still, who can look upon a bridal dress and not know joy as well as nostalgia? That's how Zelinski felt when he tinged a blue-bright day with female-green envy and a touch of orange blossom—and produced a cover.

WHAT WE WANT IS WATNEYS

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But Ford value doesn't stop there. All Ford cars are continually enjoying improvements - more for your money! Ask any Ford Dealer for a free road demonstration of the Ford of your choice.

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The gayest, most provocative novel of the year . . . challenging with wit and vigour a problem as topical as today's headlines

MADE FOR MAN

by A. P. HERBERT

Marion crushed the papers. "Damn them!" she cried. "Damn that man!"

DAME MARION MARNE came slowly out of sleep with a brief sensation of content. But this at once retired before a chilling little wave of doubt and alarm. She opened her eyes, and the truth came flooding in. There was Florrie with a bundle of newspapers. Ten newspapers—after a first night Florrie bought the lot—and they would all have bad news about Dame Marion Marne.

"How are we?" said the faithful Florrie, as she dumped the papers on the bed.

"Any good ones?" murmured the dame.

"We've seen worse," said Florrie. "Eat your breakfast."

Marion Marne sat up and sipped her tea, more miserable every moment. It was not a case of trouble, but disaster—the worst first night in her long and glittering career.

All had gone wrong from first to last. The scenery had stuck; the audience had coughed (in May); the scene-shifters, during her charming love scene with Mario, had made a noise like thunder behind them; the band, of course, had played too loud; the funny songs had not seemed very funny to the ungrateful public; she had a sore throat—she had smoked too much at those maddening rehearsals.

At the end there had been trouble with the gallery. Her loyal

For a long time the archbishop considered the famous dame. "A brave and

lovers in the stalls had done their best, clapping industriously and uttering throaty cries of approval. But she knew very well by then what they thought upstairs, and prayed for the curtain to come down and stay down. Two quick curtains, house-lights up, and "God Save The Queen"—that was the answer.

Instead: five curtains, through sheer bungling backstage. The company bowed and grinned gaily, but she could have screamed. At the sixth curtain the gallery said to themselves, "This is too much," and there was a mild boo. The mild boo did not reach the harassed stage manager and, as the stalls still clapped, he held the curtain up. Then Dame Marion had to step forward and make a speech and their doom was certain.

Her fame, her voice, her presence hushed the house, her little speech was as simple and modest as it could be: but at the end, she knew, some exhibitionist in the gallery would make some idiotic remark, which would be repeated everywhere and could kill the play.

Sure enough, as she dipped into her celebrated curtsy, the inevitable ass was heard—a friendly voice but cruel words: "You should have played the Mum, ducky." The words had come like a slap in the face, and she had lain awake for hours thinking of them.

Unhappily she skimmed through the papers. It was the worst press she had ever had. But why? Not the divorce, surely? She had lived that down, she thought.

It had been a bad time, for the divorce had come six months after she was made a dame.

Dan, bless him, had been willing, just because she was a dame, to "behave like a gentleman" and let her be the "innocent party." She would not have it. She favoured veracity: and Dan was a lieutenant-commander, R.N., with many medals and a promising career. He had served in the Resolute when she took the Royal party to the East. The naughty part in a divorce could be much more damaging in the navy than the theatre. So she had faced the music.

"Damn that man!" she cried. "Damn the papers!" She crushed them together angrily and was about to fling the offensive bundle on to the floor. But a face on the front page of the *Glass* caught her eye, the face of a man she knew *very* well—the face of her former husband, Daniel Drew.

"Ssh!" said Marion nervously. "Don't make any more noise. Go through to my den. You'll find another door in there"

He was crossing the pavement to a car (the old Austin-Healey), hat in hand. With the other hand he feebly tried to hide his face from a circle of cameras, but he had failed. That was old Dan. The caption, in large capitals, was DAN SEES DI.

Eagerly she read the "story" below. "Di," she gathered, was Fleet Street familiarity for Diana, the celebrated Duchess of Clowes. Her name, it seemed, was being "coupled" with Dan's.

"Good gracious!" said the dame, and she read on in stupefaction.

For two hours a black Austin-Healey sports car was parked outside Lavinia Lodge, the residence of the Duchess of Clowes and her aunt, Lady Caroline Lark. Bronzed, balding Commander Drew left the Lodge at 6.59. Asked if he had seen the duchess, the commander cracked, "No comment." The Archbishop of Canterbury, informed circles believe, will see the duchess tomorrow.

Good old Dan! What is he up to? Dame Marion pulled out the ivory-coloured telephone and rang her Hugh. "Darling," she said when the deep soft voice answered, "*what* is all this about Dan and the duchess?"

"Haven't you heard? It's in all the papers."

"My *angel*, you *know* I *never* read the papers, and especially not when I'm rehearsing. Why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't want to upset you just before you opened."

"Upset me? But it sounds too splendid. Is he going to marry her?"

"He wants to. So, they say, does she."

"Good for Dan! I knew they clicked a little on the Resolute but I never dreamed of this. I thought he was in China."

"He was. He came back, and it all blew up."

"Is the archbishop going to marry them? How gay!"

"I'm afraid not," Hugh said. "That's just the point. He won't."

"Why ever not?"

"Because Dan's been divorced."

"But he wasn't. He divorced me."

"It's the same thing."

"I can't see why. I was just thinking what a wise girl I was to insist on being the guilty P."

"It makes no difference, darling. They say they can't tell which was which."

"Darling, you do talk nonsense. My mother got rid of her first husband, but she and Daddy were married in church."

The deep soft voice was very kind and patient. "Anyhow, there's a new rule now. As long as the other partner is alive, nobody can be done in church the second time."

"The other partner? You mean *me?*"

"In this case," Hugh said very gently, "yes."

Marion was silent for a moment. Then, suddenly, she smiled into the ivory telephone.

"Gosh! I see it all now. Ring off, angel. I've got an idea. 'Bye."

She put the phone down, frowning a little. They were talking about her—and talking unkindly. Here was this sweet and lovely girl, an idol of the people, wanting to marry a handsome naval officer—and she couldn't. Why? Because he had been married to Marion Marne. No wonder there was that nasty personal note in the notices, and the gallery. The world was against her, and it was right.

She thought for a little. Then she picked up her telephone again. "Darling," she said when she had her number, "I'm too thrilled. I've just heard. Congratulations."

Daniel Drew had a fine voice, but few words. He said: "Thanks Marion."

"I say, are you really keen on this kid?"

"Hellishly."

"Is it true there's trouble?" said Marion. "The Church, I mean?"

"Glass is low."

"Can't you be done by a registrar or something?"

"Not in these waters," Daniel said.

Talkative as ever, thought Marion. She said, "Well darling, I just wanted to know. Good luck."

She replaced her telephone, and searched her directory for a number. There was only one thing to do.

"Lambeth Palace—the chaplain speaking."

"I do so apologize," said Marion, "but I wonder if I could speak to the Archbishop of Canterbury? This is Dame Marion Marne."

There was some muttering, and then a rich voice, like a cello, said: "Oh, the *dame?*—Yes?"

"Oh, your Grace, you will forgive me,"—she was all nerves—"I don't suppose for a moment that you remember, but we did meet once at that ghastly fête where I sang for the polio people."

"Indeed I remember," said Dr. Brayne. "You sang a favourite song of mine. I was reading your praises only this morning."

Dr. Brayne prided himself on knowing a little about the whole of life, and he was fond of the theatre. But to Marion this information was startling. An archbishop reading the notices of a new musical! It gave her heart.

"Oh, thank you," she said. "I thought they were rather meanies myself. It only shows, doesn't it?"

"What can I do for you, Dame Marion?"

"Your Grace, it's too impossible to tell you on the telephone. You must forgive me, but I was wondering whether you could conceivably find time to come to see me. This is terribly important. It's utterly vital."

"To whom, may I ask?"

"To everybody."

At that moment the archbishop's chaplain put a scribble before him: *Daniel Drew's ex-wife.* "Yes, yes, I know," muttered His Grace. Did his chaplain think he was born yesterday?

This, he reflected, was interesting. Was it a mere coincidence that in this difficult week the first Mrs. Drew should ask for an interview? Privately, he admired Marion Marne, the star, and would like to meet her. The dreadful divorce case had baffled him. He hated to think that gracious and delightful lady was a wanton.

Perhaps she was not. In a divorce case, as he kept telling them, one never really knew. The duchess was to see him tomorrow, and it would

NEAR midnight on a November evening in 1950, when a great gale was blowing, I went out to check on my wooden brooder house where I had 1,500 fortnight-old chicks. I could hear the cracking of glass as the windows gave to the wind and as I got nearer the whole house started to lean. The eighty-foot-long building was gradually folding over and would soon collapse. It was worth £1,000.

I awakened two local policemen and a farmer friend and we hurriedly sawed up poles and made about forty props to jam against the crazily tilted leeward side of the house. They held it.

After the storm we towed the building upright with a tractor and strengthened it inside. It is still in use.

My wife and I started as breeders of day-old chicks in 1945, when I was thirty-five and still working in the agricultural department of an oil company. We picked up a second-hand incubator and hatcher for £300 and with the help of friends bought an old country mansion with twenty-five acres of land on the outskirts of Norwich. The ground floor was converted into a hatchery and we moved into a flat upstairs. We started with only £250 working capital, but I kept on my job for the first two years.

Our customers are commercial egg producers and poultry fatteners. They used to replace their hens every year, making February-April our busy time. But now the trade is spread more evenly.

A hen's egg takes three weeks to hatch and the entire production of day-old chicks is based on this time factor. The eggs are put into an electrically heated incubator—a large wood-and-glass cabinet about seven feet high, twelve feet long and five feet wide. Warm air is circulated by a fan inside, trays of water and controlled air intake keeping it at the right humidity. If this were not done the embryo would gradually dry out and die.

A typical incubator holds ninety-six trays of eggs, each tray taking about 180 eggs packed so closely that they support each other.

After eighteen days the eggs are taken out of the incubator and tested by being passed over a strong light. The fertile ones are shadowy inside. Those which are infertile are disposed of. The remainder go into the hatcher, which is similar to the incubator, but smaller. On an average three eggs produce two chicks. This ratio was the same when the Egyptians were doing it six thousand years ago.

Throughout incubation, which takes place in a temperature of a hundred degrees Fahrenheit, the egg trays are turned periodically through an angle of ninety degrees by means of a handle on the outside of the incubator. Tilting the trays eases the strain on the membrane which suspends the yolk—the hen does it instinctively in natural brooding.

Every tray of eggs is marked with the breed, or cross, the name of the farm which supplied it and the date of hatching. We keep careful records and our customers record the chicks' subsequent egg production. In this way we can meet customers' requests for "the same chicks as last year" and the egg suppliers can improve strains and breeds.

When the eggs hatch, roughly half are pullets and half cockerels. Since they all look alike we employ a sexer to segregate them. Most sexers are Japanese, who seem to have the patience and temperament required for the job. They charge from 6s. a hundred and can sex about a thousand an hour, putting each sex into a separate box.

Many of our customers want only day-old pullets and we can never be quite certain that we shall hatch the right number of females. When meat was rationed we used to sell surplus cock chicks to local people at a penny each.

Today, broiler chick production, for which we use a special cross of non-pedigree chick, forms a large part of our trade. Broilers are young chickens of either sex, aged nine tc twelve weeks and weighing two and three-quarter to three and three-quarter pounds.

We now have three additional incubators, two new ones at £1,000 each and one second-hand. Eggs cost us about £25 a thousand and we buy 20,000 a week during peak periods, two thousand a week during the summer-autumn off-season. The day-old pullets sell at about 3s. each, and we have two air-conditioned vans and a shooting brake to ensure delivery in good condition.

My wife and son work in the business and we have three regular employees and casual labour in the hatchery, plus outside staff for the rearing plant. The wage bill is about £4,000 a year and we use forty tons of chick food a year at about £43 a ton. We are not a big concern as hatcheries go, but we make a good living in an industry in which there is something new to be learned every day. THE END

Musselwhite, his wife and son—all three work at the hatchery—with a tray of chicks

you dimly perceive yourself, all that you have told me is interesting but irrelevant. I am completely satisfied by your account of the character and conduct of Daniel Drew. I am glad to hear it. But it makes no difference—no difference at all. Were you married in church?"

"Yes, your Grace."

"You may remember, then, that both you and your husband solemnly promised in the sight of God that you would love, cherish and keep to each other 'till death us do part.' Death has not parted you. You were parted by man-made laws. It would be a mockery if either of you were permitted to stand before an altar and say those words again, both being alive.

"Dear lady, when you read a play, you can see a character, or a scene, through the author's eyes. Be good enough to imagine the scene that you desire, the part that you would have me play. The scene is Westminster Abbey, the bride is one of the highest ladies in the land. Her Majesty the Queen, the head of the Established Church, is fond of her, and might be there. Here am I, the Archbishop of Canterbury, chief officer of the Church.

"Her Majesty will hear the man, the bridegroom, say: 'I, Daniel Drew, take thee, Diana Lavinia Mary, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my troth.' And I, the Archbishop of Canterbury, will then pronounce them man and wife, and ask for God's blessing upon them, knowing that you, dear lady, to whom he said those solemn words before, are happily alive at Barrowby Mansions, or, for all I know, a member of the congregation. . . ."

There was a blinding flash of illumination, of anger, of mutiny, in Marion's mind. At last she saw a way out from this web of words. She was on her feet, spitting fire like Joan:

"Do you mean if I fell under a bus you would marry them tomorrow?"

"I beg your pardon?" The archbishop gaped.

"I'm the obstacle. If I were dead, these two could be married—by you—in Westminster Abbey? Is that right? Or is it not?"

"Technically, that is correct. That is, there would be no ecclesiastical impediment. But, of course——"

"*Then I shall!*"

DAME MARION'S words were shouted, and hit the archbishop like a shot. What had come over the gracious lady?

"You will . . . ? You will . . . what?"

"I shall throw myself under a bus, put my head in an oven, jump over a cliff. Then all will be well with your precious Church!"

"Dear lady, pray control yourself."

"You're enough to drive anybody mad." *Now*, thought Marion, *I'm being rude, but I can't help it*. "All these words—nothing but words! At first I thought they were making sense. So they would if Dan were a beastly man, but he isn't. So they would if you said that once married he must never marry again. But you don't. You say that I'm the one who matters—little me who hasn't a thing to do with it. It doesn't make sense. But if that's religion, I'll die."

"Dear lady," (*If he says that again*, thought Marion, *I'll scream*.) "I hope you will not spoil the memory of a meeting that has been pleasant at least to me with rash words that you may regret. I have listened to you patiently——"

"I know," said Marion, nearly crying. "You've been a dear, and I've been a pig. But don't think I don't mean it, because I do. If you can't do what I ask, I shall do—what I said."

"Dear Dame," (*What a man! He heard what I said!*) "you are naturally upset by your own generous sentiments, and you will not expect me to take you seriously. . . ."

"Why not?" she cried. "Why ever not?"

"Because I have too much respect for your judgment, for your sense of fitness and duty. . . ."

"Duty? But that's just the point. *I'm* the villain of the piece. *I'm* the cause of all the trouble. I've let Dan down. I've let the Queen down. I've let the profession down. And here I am, still in the way. Well, what is my duty now?"

"Your duty, my dear," (*That's better*) "is to continue faithfully in your chosen way of life, in which you give so much comfort and pleasure to so many, and in which, I am sure, there are many rewarding years of service before you."

Marion shook her head slowly. Her eyes were friendly now, and her voice was sober and soft. "You're wrong again, you see," she said. "You saw what the papers said this morning about my performance. I'm finished. I've nothing left."

Impressed at last by this stark assertion, the archbishop stared and said not a word.

To be continued next week

"Made For Man" has just been published as a book by Methuen, price 15s.

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Is Ike up to the job?

He is America's choice—and vital to the West. Now a year of crises has taken toll of his strength and exposed his creaking methods

by DON COOK

MORE and more the fortunes of the free world have come to centre on one man and his job: Dwight David Eisenhower, thirty-fourth President of the United States.

In great and lonely responsibility, Eisenhower presides not only over the affairs of the United States, but in a wider sense over the whole coalition of nations dedicated to halting the expansion of Communism. In one crisis after another these last fast-moving months, it has been shown that when Dwight Eisenhower's health is bad, or his grip on his job uncertain, or his policies hesitant, then hesitancy, uncertainty and weakness tremble right through the alliance of free nations.

And as 1958 runs its course, the test of the President and his leadership is becoming more challenging, more complex and more vital to the fortunes of people everywhere than anything he has faced since he came to office.

He is deeply engaged in the diplomatic tactics of trying to negotiate with Nikita Khruschev and the Russian leaders some sort of basic easing of tension and some solution of problems between East and West.

He is coping with America's first really big postwar economic recession, with more men unemployed than at any time during the last sixteen years.

He is pledged to reorganize America's defence and scientific programmes in 1958 to give confidence, not only to America but to America's allies as well, that the lead which the Soviet Union now clearly possesses in these fields is going to be cut down, and that America will draw level, if not ahead.

The President has also said that he wants Congress to pass legislation in 1958 which will allow America to share her atomic secrets with her allies, and legislation which will enable him to lower American tariff barriers to expand trade with her allies. And he has asked for big new appropriations for foreign aid to revitalize American policies of assistance to underdeveloped nations and reinvigorate this aspect of American foreign policy.

Finally, Eisenhower faces a national election in 1958 for a new Congress and for important state governorships all over the country—and the opposition Democratic Party is riding high and freely predicting landslide victories everywhere.

This is a formidable budget of diplomatic and political activity for a man who has had a heart attack, a major abdominal operation and a mild stroke. But it is not Eisenhower's health which is the main preoccupation. It is how he conceives of his job and does it.

In the past year something seems to have gone wrong with the Eisenhower system and with the Eisenhower method of leadership. What is the system? What are its strengths and weaknesses, and what are the strengths and weaknesses of Eisenhower's own character and personality?

One key may well be found in a little-known remark which the President made at a White House meeting in the first weeks after he took office in 1953, when some of his strongest advisers were urging him to change his tactics with Senator Joseph R. McCarthy.

The President was being pushed to get out and hit back at McCarthy's campaign of slander and intimidation which was doing much damage to America at home and abroad. A draft of a presidential attack on the senator had been prepared as a "staff paper" for Eisenhower's consideration. But when it was laid before him, he banged it down on his desk, his blue eyes blazing.

"I will not get in the gutter with that guy," he snapped.

It was a remark which was to set the pattern for much that happened in Washington after that, for it was a basic reflection of soldier Eisenhower's distaste for rough-and-tumble

Continued on page 34

How

It cost Mount Stewart school only

I NEVER expected so many parents to turn up at the meeting. Almost two hundred, mostly fathers, streamed into the school hall. Eagerly I outlined my plan: I wanted the parents, pupils and teachers to build a swimming pool at the school.

At the end of my speech I invited questions. The first father to stand up seemed intent on wrecking my scheme. "You're not seriously suggesting that we could build a pool for only £300, are you?" he said. "It's more likely to cost £3,000. Has any other school built a pool this way?"

I had to admit that my scheme was the first of its kind in Britain. But I insisted that it could succeed. To my astonishment the doubting parent now took out his wallet. "Mr. Rudge, your enthusiasm convinces me. Here's my first contribution." Holding out five £1 notes, he turned to the other parents and said: "I've done my bit. Come on now, you do yours."

There and then we collected £53 and formed a building committee to organize the construction work and a social committee to find ways of raising the money we needed. The idea that I had cherished for the past fifteen months had got off to a magnificent start.

Today three out of four children cannot swim when they leave primary school. Many headmasters are keen to foster swimming, but lack of facilities weighs too heavily against them. At most schools it carves too large a slice out of the day to take a party of children to and from the public swimming baths.

Take my own experience. I became headmaster of Mount Stewart Junior Mixed School when it opened in September, 1951. It is a fine school of functional design situated in the Kenton district of Wembley.

The nearest swimming baths, I found, were in the adjoining district of Kingsbury, well out of walking distance. Middlesex County Council provided a bus but I resented the waste of time and money: four-fifths of the cost of teaching the children to swim went on transport; and the teachers spent the bulk of their time acting as chaperones and bus conductors.

One day it struck me that a school of some

we built our pool

£393 to provide pupils with an open air baths. There was a surplus for a purification plant

My dream was a swimming pool for my pupils. To do it ourselves a Covent Garden star sang to raise the money and a butcher laid bricks

by FRANK RUDGE

360 pupils ought really to have its own swimming pool. In the army during the war I had helped to put in place tons and tons of cement for gun emplacements; surely I could do the same job for the more useful purpose of building a swimming pool?

On the night of April 2, 1954, I put my plan to the parents. Then followed the exhausting task of getting official approval. In July Wembley Education Committee gave its sanction, though one councillor wondered "if enthusiasm alone would suffice to build the bath and keep it safe."

Middlesex County Council took much longer to make up its mind. Being on the school grounds, of course, the pool would automatically become the council's property and responsibility. And if our scheme succeeded other schools would want to copy us.

Optimistically, the social committee did not await the council's decision but went ahead with schemes for making money. Parents with theatrical connections came in very useful. James Johnston, the Covent Garden tenor, who had two boys at the school, readily volunteered to help. A musical evening and two concerts in the autumn and winter of 1954 produced £80. More donations came in from parents.

One father wrote to say that the previous weekend his son had fallen off the family's houseboat into the Thames. The boy had managed to keep himself afloat until help arrived. His father, grateful for the swimming lessons which we had given the boy at the Kingsbury baths, pinned a £10 cheque to his letter.

By the end of 1954 we had raised over £200. But we still lacked the council's permission to go ahead. It did not arrive until the end of January, 1955.

On February 1 the first construction party started clearing the site. I had designed the pool to be fifty feet long, fifteen feet wide and three deep. My design aimed at taking the discomfort out of teaching swimming. Too often the instructor has to crouch at the edge of the conventional pool while the water sloshes over his feet.

My design brought the pool walls eighteen inches above ground level, thus keeping the surround dry and allowing the teachers to do their job standing up.

We worked in teams of ten to fifteen, mostly at weekends, sometimes in the evenings. The more enthusiastic parents drove their cars to the edge of the site so that we could continue working by the light of headlamps. Sometimes we worked till midnight.

Nearly always we had a gang of the schoolchildren helping us. We allowed them to clear the site with us, to carry materials and to mix some of the concrete ingredients. Mothers came in useful for light jobs—such as dispensing tea and squash.

We persuaded local builders to sell us our materials at cost, and among the parents and their friends who offered to help we found a constructional engineer, an electrician, a plasterer, a carpenter, a plumber, and a clerk of works who became our foreman.

Unfortunately we made a mistake before the clerk of works came to our aid. We formed the angle at one of the corners of the pool fractionally over ninety degrees. As a result the pool is four and a half inches wider at one end than at the other.

We made a few other mistakes. One day a butcher who proved to be our best amateur bricklayer laid several dozen facing bricks the wrong way. The foreman saw them, and he had to pull them out and start again. Another time we had just finished laying a path of paving stones to the pool when our foreman arrived and told us we had laid them upside down. They stayed that way.

For the tricky specialized job of laying the main drain we employed two Irish labourers. For half a day we employed a steel fixer to show us how to put the reinforcement into position before laying the concrete. We desk men found working with the rusty steel rough on our hands and I have to confess that we wore gloves. Our best amateur steel fixer turned out to be a man in the tea trade.

The most back-breaking job was carrying our materials from the entrance to the school to the pool site behind the playground. We made hundreds of journeys with barrowloads of cement, lime, gravel, sand, steel and bricks. One afternoon a sixteen-stone Metropolitan policeman and I carried three hundred paving stones from the front of the school to the pool site. Lifting the 1¼-cwt. slabs on and off the milk trolley which we were using utterly exhausted us. I thought that I would never be able to straighten up again. Our best paving-stone layer was a bank manager.

For all our inexperience, we had no serious accidents. The worst occurred one evening when an enthusiastic father swung the starting handle of the hired concrete mixer so vigorously

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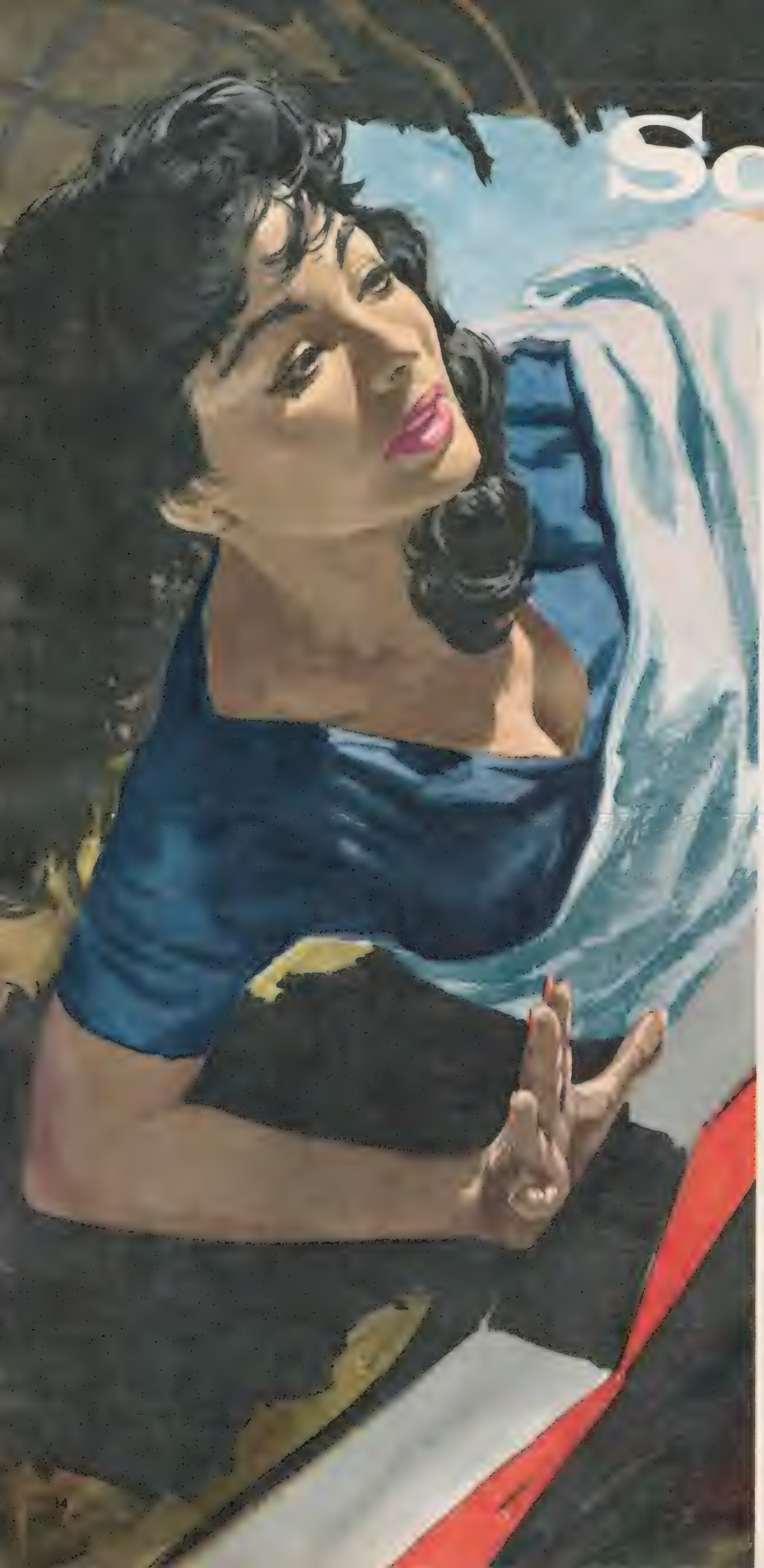
Headmaster Frank Rudge (left) worked with pupils and their parents in construction work



Square

IN a corner of the lounge at Karachi airport, two air hostesses sat gossiping at a table: Rosemary, from Queensland, stewardess of a slip-crew on the Kangaroo run; and Lukmi, in a blue sari and with the lotus badge of Trans-Hind Airways embroidered in gold on her handbag.

"No," said Rosemary, "not murder. I've had to cope with most things that can happen on a plane, but never murder, thank heaven. What on earth did you do?"

"I did nothing," said Lukmi, in her soft precise English. "Nothing at all. I have never even told anybody, till now."

Rosemary gasped. "You never even *told* anybody? Gosh, I'd have bawled the skies down. Why ever didn't you?"

"It is difficult to explain." Lukmi gazed at the backs of her slim, honey-coloured hands. "You would perhaps not understand. It would not have been right for me to interfere. The gods are the gods, and we must not—butt in, do you say? One does not meddle in the affairs of those who have come to terms with the gods."

"I don't see what the gods have to do with it," said Rosemary, puzzled. "Surely murder is always wrong, and everybody ought to do something about it."

"It is always wrong, yes. But. . . . Well, I will tell you all of it, and you judge."

Lukmi hitched the sari a little higher on her shoulder, to hide the long, silvery scar of a burn.

"It was like this . . ." she began

* * *

We took off at eight o'clock from Dum Dum, flying the Calcutta-Bombay service, with a fuel stop at Nagpur.

You know how, when the passengers come up the gangway, we have the same smile for all of them, but there are some we like and some we dislike, just at sight—and how often we are proved right? Well, there was one on this flight whom I disliked very much.

He was a rich business man, but of a low type. I could see at a glance he was the sort who would think he should have everything special, and complain, and be rude, and make awkwardness, because he was so rich.

A fat, waddling Tamil he was—very black, with much hair growing out of his ears. He was like a great, coarse crow among a flock of smaller birds; not better than the others, only bigger; bigger to strut about and bully and peck and push the rest aside to get all the crumbs

I knew he would make trouble about his seat, and he did. He must have the seat farthest forward. I do not know why—perhaps it was just that he must always elbow to the front in everything—but anyhow, he must have it. He was rude and pushed and, of course, he got it. No doubt he got everything, always.

He had with him his secretary. I suppose you

At that moment the petrol tank exploded and I was trapped—pinned against the cabin side by a tangle of twisted metal

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

with the Gods

Here was a savage murderer alone with me . . . and I was the only witness who could hang him

by DAVID HUSSEY

would call him that, but really this was his slave, his yes-man, his—what do you call it?—his dog-body.

This secretary was a frightened, hungry little man, always licking his lips. You could not see much of him because, beside his own few belongings, he carried his master's umbrella and his brief-case and his tiffin-carrier and a wicker basket and two parcels and a bunch of plantains, and perhaps I forget a few things.

All the way to the seat his master swore and bullied and grumbled at him. And then the master lounged in the window seat, with his legs apart and his great, fleshy elbow covering half the next place, while the little secretary perched on the other half with his legs in the gangway.

I remember that I smiled to myself when I saw them there, because I thought that when we served the lunches I should see the tiger and the jackal dining together as in the story, the tiger eating the food of both while the jackal only licks his lips and hopes.

I smiled at my thought, but I was sorry for the poor little jackal-secretary, always pushed about and shouted at by his big, rough, bullying employer.

The other passengers were not very interesting. There were too many very old and too many very young, and certainly too many who had never been in an aeroplane before, perhaps had hardly seen one close to.

That was bad, because it was monsoon time when there is always bad weather, especially on the Bombay side, and I saw I should have many sick and frightened. But it is for the sick and frightened that we are there. Any servant could carry the trays round.

There was a little trouble at the start. An old Mofussil lady lost her head when the door was slammed and the engines started up, and began fighting and screaming: "Let me out! Let me out!" But soon they all settled down.

About half-way through the trip the weather got worse, and the aircraft began to bounce a little. That soon gave me work to do. There was a child, especially, who screamed all the time, and its mother was too sick to quieten it.

Their seat was the next one to the tiger and his jackal and, as I was holding bags for the mother and trying to soothe the child, I heard them talking.

It was the tiger talking mostly, as you would expect. He talked loudly, in Tamil. Perhaps he thought nobody else on the plane would understand Tamil, but I think he could not talk any way but loudly, and did not care who should hear.

I did not hear everything of course, just bits now and then, but enough to understand. He was baiting the jackal, jeering at him, and between the words he made grunts and snorts like some animal.

It was like this—you must imagine the grunts: "H'm, so Kandasamy offers you two thousand rupees a month, eh? Two thousand a month to you, to manage all his business in Travancore. Wonderful! Yes, wonderful!

"But Kandasamy does not yet know about your fiddling that cheque for five thousand rupees. Not yet, but he will know. And when I tell him that story, Kandasamy will think again.

"Two thousand a month to you, a thief and a fool? It is better that you stay working for me for three hundred a month. Yes, I will see that you stay."

Poor little jackal, I thought. *The tiger has got you well pinned down with his big, heavy paws.* And I went about my business.

One new passenger came aboard at Nagpur, where we landed in pouring rain. He was a little old man, but rather fierce, with a white beard. I asked him why he sat up so straight and stiff in his seat, instead of leaning back comfortably, and he told me that long ago, when he was a young *risaldar* in the Mahratta Cavalry, he swallowed a sabre, and could never bend again. He was a fierce-looking old man, but he was nice, and I liked him, and we laughed together.

Then there were no more laughs, because the weather got worse and the child began to cry again and the mother to be sick. As I attended to them, I noticed that the conversation in the next seat was still going on.

It was the jackal speaking now, and it was pathetic and rather horrible to hear him—partly grovelling and partly blustering like a child.

"It was all false about the cheque, I tell you! Yes, really, please sir, *please* sir, it was all false—you know it was. You know I did nothing wrong, don't you, sir, sir, *please* sir?

"*Aiyo*, it was a plot to trap me. You always have plots to trap everybody—see the trick you played on Chelliah and the way you ruined Nagalingam. It was nothing but a mean, dirty plot to destroy my character, so that you could keep me always slaving for you for three hundred a month. O no, sir, O God, sir, please sir, let me go."

The tiger was not even angry; he just grunted and chuckled, so I guessed it was true. Also I could not see that little jackal ever having the nerve to try to rob the tiger of five thousand rupees. No, as the jackal said, all that business of the cheque had been a frame-up.

Poor little jackal, I thought again. No doubt he was very clever in some way in business or the tiger would not keep him and this Kandasamy would not want him at a big price. But otherwise he was a frightened, silly little man who walked into traps and let a bully ruin his life.

It was very sad, and I felt sorry for him, but what to do? If he had cut his wrist or lost his luggage, I would do what I could; but I could do nothing for him in this, so it was better not to worry. The crying child went to sleep, and I served cups of tea and forgot.

We had lost much time on the way, because of the strong head-wind, and this meant it would be dark long before we got to Bombay. I have flown too much to be nervous, but I had never flown with this pilot before and, though he had a good record and many war medals, I would rather have a pilot I know for an instrument landing in the height of the monsoon, especially where there are hills about.

So I was glad when, about half past eight, a message came back that we should get in to Bombay in half an hour; and gladder still twenty minutes later, when we began to lose height quickly and I felt the aircraft bank and turn and I knew we had joined the circuit.

But ten minutes after that I began to get worried again. Why so long in the circuit? Surely we should be in by now? I got up and pulled a curtain aside. Not that I was really afraid, but just for the pleasure of seeing the airfield lights somewhere below, shining to welcome us.

There were no airfield lights. Just blackness and rain, below and ahead and everywhere about us.

I was really worried now, and at that moment the pilot switched on the landing light. Through the mist of rain the great white beam showed a steep hillside with many palm trees on the top, dead ahead of us, and oh, so near.

There was a great roaring from the engines and a flame from the exhaust, and the whole plane shook and throbbed as the pilot gave full throttle. It was all he could do, but I knew it was hopeless. We could never gain enough height in time to clear that hill.

There was no time to think, no time for anything at all. I screamed "Belts! Belts!" to the passengers, though all had them on already, and I dropped to the floor where I was. I lay there, pressing myself as hard as I could against the bulkhead to spread the impact over my whole body.

I had only just got there when it came. Something like a huge hammer hit me everywhere at once, and there was a great noise of thunders, and the lights went out. Then there was a hideous grinding, crunching noise as the trees snapped the wings and ripped the belly out of the machine.

Then, for a second, there was silence; just

silence and dark, and I had that one instant of false hope—*this time it isn't going to happen*.

But it did happen. There was a great *whoosh* and a sheet of flame as one of the petrol tanks burst. And at the same moment I realized that I had to deal with the passengers alone. I had seen the man steward go forward into the crew compartment a minute before, and he was trapped there in the flames with the rest of the crew.

I had to get to the rear door. It was all right so far: the passengers were quiet—numbed with the shock, I think. But then somebody screamed.

That was all that was needed, just one scream. Instantly there was panic. All tried to get up at once, some even without undoing their safety belts, which frightened them and made them scream all the more.

Mothers were grabbing for their children, others for their belongings, all falling over each other and fighting to get down the gangway. By the light of the flames from the burning tank it was a terrible sight.

I still tried to push my way to the door to get it open, but it was hopeless: I was blocked by the mass of struggling, shouting people. I could not make myself heard above that din.

Suddenly somebody grabbed my arm. It was the old *risaldar*.

"What is the order?" he demanded.

I was so glad, I can't tell you. I was not alone and helpless now. Here was a calm man, who kept his head in dangers and would do what he was told. He was an old man, but his joke that he had swallowed a sabre meant something.

"Quick!" I shouted to him. "We must stop the panic."

"*Huk'm hai!* It is the order!" he bellowed. "Everybody be still and silent. That is the order."

It was wonderful. They all froze where they stood, and there was no sound but that deep, horrible roar of flames outside.

Between us we got to the door and opened it. The drop to the ground, thanks to goodness, was not great—perhaps eight feet. But there was no time to lose, because I knew there was another tank to burst. I told the *risaldar* to jump first, and catch the children, whom I would throw down at him, and then call to the others, who might be nervous to jump, and try to break their falls.

The old man did not like being the first to safety, but he had swallowed a sabre and did not argue the order in face of enemies or dangers. I think all who were saved from that aircraft owe their lives to the old *risaldar* with a straight back and a voice like a temple conch.

I got them out. Some were only too eager to jump before their turn; some seemed to fear the fall more than the flames, and I gave them a push. But most were good.

At last there were no more coming, and I could jump myself. But, though I did not know it, I had been counting. Twenty-two out—and there should have been twenty-four. . . .

The flames were bursting through now from the blazing nose into the main cabin. But I might still have time for a quick look round, unless the tank in the other wing went up too.

I went forward, and saw a glimpse of two struggling figures right up in the front. It must be the tiger and his jackal. Strange, I would have expected the tiger to be first out, even though he was farthest from the door. What was hindering them?

At that moment the second tank went. It did not just go with a *whoosh* and a flame, like the first one. It exploded like a bomb, blowing in half the starboard side of the fuselage.

The next thing I knew, I was helpless, pinned against the other side of the cabin by a twisted mass of metal that had been torn loose and thrown against me.

I was dazed for a moment, but there was plenty of light now to see the two struggling figures up forward. And they were not, as I had thought, struggling to free themselves.

They were fighting. The jackal, who had sat by the gangway, was trying to beat the tiger back into his seat, back into the flames, beating and beating at his head with the emergency axe. I could see the gape of the tiger's mouth as he yelled with rage and terror, and the blood streaming from wounds in his bald head. He was too fat to move freely in the tight space between the seats, or he would have made short work of the little jackal.

As I watched, he made a last great heave like a giant, and by sheer weight burst his way out and made a savage jump at the jackal. But the jackal was small and quick, and his knee shot up, catching the tiger right in the middle of his great, loose stomach.

The tiger doubled up, gasping and writhing, and collapsed back into the burning seat. The jackal smashed the axe down on his head for the last time, and rushed down the gangway to save himself.

And then he saw me watching; watching him.

He stopped dead. We stared at one another, and I could see through the smoke his thin, dark little face, with blood on it and shiny with sweat.

He saw me, and saw that I must have seen everything. I knew then what it is to look at the face of a guilty and frightened man. It is not pretty. He looked like a savage, baffled little mongoose with the blood on its jaws.

He looked at me, at the open door aft, back at me, and hesitated. For an instant he stood, undecided. I had seen everything. Yes, but I was the only witness, and in three minutes I should be burned to nothing where I stood, pinned and helpless.

So he was safe. No, no, not so safe. You can never be sure, and a murderer can take no chances. No, no chances at all.

He started towards me, and I shut my eyes and waited for the hands at my throat.

I felt him pulling at the tangle of twisted metal that pinned me to the wall. But why? I opened my eyes again. Was he trying to free me? Yes, he was. It was impossible, it did not make sense, but he was.

The heat was scorching now—oh, it was terrible, I can't tell you how hot it was—and smoke swirled all about and the greedy flames were licking towards us; but still he strained and tugged as though it were his own life that was depending on it.

IT was not quite sensible; I forgot for the moment what he had just done, and anyway there was no hope for me.

"Save yourself!" I screamed. "Can't save me! Jump!"

He took no notice. It was so queer I can't tell you. It was as mad as a dream. If he was a brave, strong man; if he was a hero, it was sense. But he was not. He was a weak, frightened little man, a coward and, as I knew, a cruel murderer. And yet, while the smoke choked him and the flames crept round him, and he had only six steps and a jump to safety, he stayed and fought to save me, the witness who could hang him.

He was choking and sobbing for breath, and his mean little face was all streamed with sweat and blood and smoke, but still his torn, bleeding hands tugged and twisted at the obstacle. And suddenly the whole thing gave way and I was free. I tried to stagger to the door, but I fainted, and knew nothing more. He must have carried me out. . . .

I never spoke to him, though I saw him afterwards brought into the same hospital. I was lucky: I was only shocked and bruised, my hair scorched, and this one bad burn on my shoulder. But he was in a terrible state. When he was carried by on a stretcher, he was so hideously burned that even I, who had been a nurse, could hardly bear to look at him.

But I looked; and his face, which I had stared at before in the aircraft with such horrors, was now beautiful. It had the peace of saints in it. I looked again, and I understood. He had made his atonement of a life for a life. He had taken a life, but he had given my life back for it, and he was all square with the gods.

Yes, and the gods had accepted it. It was not the law. It was not according to religion, or philosophies, or the good morality, or anything at all. But . . . the gods are the gods. He had suffered much from the man; the opportunity had been very sudden, and he had at once made *puja*—his sacrifice—before them, in fear and in awful agony and at terrible risks of his life.

It was not good, perhaps, but . . . well, yes, in all the circumstances, it was just good enough. The gods had accepted his bargain, and the knowledge and the peace of that shone through all the tortures in his face.

I think that when he died of his burns, two days after, he was still very happy. THE END

© *David Hussey, 1958*

Poem for Rogation Day

These fields they tilled before
they went away
To sow far richer seed in alien
earth,
That we may harvest well and
know no dearth
Of Life's necessities. In their
brief day
They planned and toiled to fill
the granary.
Laughter was theirs, good living,
pride of birth
And simple country faith that
knew the worth
Of freedom. Whistling, they went
their way.

Now, in their names, we ask
Thee, Lord, to bless
These crops, these seeds of John
Thorne's sowing,
This earth, turned by Tom Smith
who loved the loam
And tended it with care and these
no less
Worthy furrows of Ernest
Hoskins' ploughing.
And summon these, Thy
labourers, safely home.

NOEL A. JONES

Lady Docker (left) with the golden Docker Daimler—one of the world's best-known cars. The luxury sedan above was built on to a taxi chassis for an oil tycoon, at a cost of £3,000. Below: A customer is fitted at Mulliner's works for a tailor-made seat

Herbert Nye makes cars to order: he'll even fit a built-in boudoir. Once he was told . . .

'Gold-plate all the shiny bits'

A NORTH COUNTRY textile manufacturer who had made a fortune out of ready-to-wear clothing decided to buy himself a "tailor-made" car. He approached Herbert Nye, stylist for a London coachwork firm which makes cars to its customers' specifications, and placed an order for a luxury limousine with unusually low lines.

He told Nye that the windscreen must slope inwards from the roof "to eliminate sun dazzle," discussed the sweep of the streamlining, the position of a tape-recorder in the facia and of a cocktail cabinet in the rear-compartment, a two-tone colour scheme for the bodywork and the thickness of the interior carpets.

A few months later the manufacturer was invited to attend for a fitting. Nye got his approval for the car body which was taking shape on the factory floor and then led him to a young man with a tape measure dangling around his neck.

After having his hip measurements taken, the manufacturer was installed on a dummy driving seat which was then padded to fit his burly figure. The back of the seat was hollowed to accommodate his heavily rounded shoulders and the base was extended to allow for his long legs.

Asked about the shape of the front passenger seat, the customer casually replied: "Better make them both the same—it will look odd otherwise."

Says Nye: "I never met his wife, but unless she is a tall, well-built woman with a definite stoop she must have an uncomfortable ride in a car built for comfort."

The man paid nearly £10,000 for his car, one of 150 turned out each year by H. J. Mulliner, Ltd., of Chiswick, largest producer of luxury cars of the six firms which specialize in coachbuilt bodies. Home customers include the Queen, Princess Margaret, Tommy Trinder, industrialists and farmers.

Overseas sales, badly hit by the end of the Indian Empire and its multi-millionaire princes who bought whole fleets of diamond-studded cars, have been built up again to sixty per cent of the total demand.

Export orders now come mainly from Riviera socialites and Texas oil magnates. Nye and a team of fellow designers work to combine the traditional restraint of British coachwork styling with the lavish extras specified by the world's richest motorists.

A car for a Hollywood buyer had to have its own air-conditioning plant, and a Malayan princess had one equipped as a travelling boudoir. The dressing-table fitments cost more than £400. Several Middle Eastern customers insist on "purdah" windows—made from glass giving only one-way vision—for limousines in which members of their harems travel.

Six years ago Nye worked on a secret order for General Franco, who wanted "an armoured car which looks like an ordinary limousine." Parts of the car were taken to an army range and tested with machine-gun fire. Franco sent a military delegation to supervise the tests.

In 1952 Dr. Getulio Vargas, then President of Brazil, ordered a car with running boards extended around the rear so that his bodyguard could provide a human screen. Nye and several workmen acted as the hangers-on of the president's entourage during trial runs in Chiswick.

Almost all of the bodies Nye and his colleagues design are assembled around Rolls-Royce or Bentley chassis and engines. One customer, taking delivery of a sports saloon built on rakish lines, complained that it was too small for anyone to recognize as a quality car. Nye assured him that the effect was mainly due to the bodywork styling, as the car was only a few inches less in height and length than the normal model.

Later that day the customer telephoned from a call box: "You were right about those measurements, but how do you expect anyone to park in a London street? This giant needs the space for two ordinary cars. After three hours of touring the West End, I give up." Nye heard later that the man had sold his quality car and bought a three-wheeler runabout.

The five basic types of car now produced in the Chiswick factory are priced from £8,000, the cost being divided almost exactly between the chassis, body and purchase tax. These basic models have many standardized structural features, but the customer can still choose his own special fittings.

Those who prefer a car built entirely to their own tastes have to pay £10,000, unless it is an overseas order which escapes purchase tax.

All bodies are still hand-built. A panel-beater spends an average of four days shaping one front wing. Nye knew one of these craftsmen who acquired a taste for luxury motoring and fitted his twenty-two year old Austin Seven with a cocktail cabinet and cigar lighter bought from the works stores.

THE coachwork of the firm's cars, which get up to twenty applications of paint, is made of aluminium panels on a structure of light alloys and steel. Wood, now used for little but ornamental panelling, provided two-thirds of the framework before the war. It gave place to metal because of the need to produce a much lighter car.

Although coachbuilt cars are designed, built and priced to give their owners a lifetime's service under normal conditions, Nye finds that a British customer who can afford £10,000 for a car usually prefers to get rid of it within a few years and ask for another so that he can keep up to date in

Continued on page 33

by PETER JACKSON

THE BADGER FEUD

War to the death—that was Bill's way. And it wouldn't change . . . even with a girl like Penny on the enemy's side

by NORAH BURKE

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

As long as anybody could remember, there had been badgers in Fleet Wood and Normans in Brockley Farm alongside. Sometimes these two fell foul of each other. Specially the year Bill Norman was first raising various wild and ornamental duck on the bits of water round about his place.

He'd got, among others, a pair of pintail, whose wing feathers he'd clipped to keep them at home. The handsome drake paddled about the farmyard pond, where dirty, smelly water fell off his pinned-up white shirt front without touching its perfect snow.

The duck observed Bill slyly, first with one eye then the other. She was well aware that he was watching her in order to discover her nest. The area was small and Bill a competent ornithologist, but he had so far failed to locate it, and he wanted to protect it from danger.

Then, late one evening, he discovered it. The nest was under a dock leaf, not two feet away from the path he used a dozen times a day.

Bill Norman was a thin, hard twenty-six, and he'd farmed this farm for ten years, ever since his father had been killed in a tractor accident on Hill Field. The lanky sixteen-year-old boy had had to take over and run the place for his mother there and then.

Originally it had been planned for him to go to agricultural college, but suddenly there was neither time nor money. He'd had to learn instead from the earth itself and from his own mistakes, which were plentiful and expensive. Then, when his mother died too, Bill looked after his kid sister and, presently, he gave her a slap-up wedding to remember all her life.

Now there was a bit of recouping to be done, but luckily he liked work. He had the drive of youth and all its good ideas.

This duck business was a new venture. He'd read somewhere about rearing ornamental species for profit, so he decided to try some. For his own interest, he included other kinds. The pintails, for instance, had come to him as eggs from a northern lake.

Well, well, and now here was their nest at last, found because he'd cut at the weed with a stick as he passed, to stop it flowering. The well-camouflaged duck jumped out with a squawk of fright. Being pinioned and unable to fly, she scrambled away at her best speed.

Incubation had begun. Bill did not want to alarm her any more tonight or she might desert. He must leave the spot at once and let her come back on to the nest. But tomorrow he'd fix a run round it to keep off stoats and rats.

He did glance once in the direction of Fleet Wood, thinking vaguely of foxes; but he was too pleased at finding the nest, and too naturally optimistic to feel anxious.

The botanist in him admired that wood, but the farmer in him loathed it. Its roots and shadows thinned his adjoining crops, and it harboured vermin. He did not appreciate the rooks, pigeons, voles, magpies, jays and so on, who lived in it.

Here, of course, was a last struggle between primeval woodland and agriculture—a remnant of the time when forest had to be cut before anything could be grown. The modern battles of this ancient war were now about to be fought between a family of badgers and a family of farmers.

Of course the wood sometimes shielded Bill from storm. When other people, who had destroyed their hedges to get more land, saw their corn flattened by unchecked wind, his still stood. Then, too, on a cool, yellow evening like this one, Bill liked to look at the Fleet, crouched there along its hill, letting the lemon sunset through its fingers. He liked to remember that this was a piece of land left just as it used to be in the beginning.

The deer, bears and wolves who had once inhabited it were gone. But the badgers who still lived there were descended from animals who had roamed this very hill in prehistoric times.

They occupied more than one sett in the Fleet, but the main one was very large and old—a honeycomb of galleries that bored into the sandy, wooded hillside. The top part was inhabited by foxes, and also—strangely enough and "myxo" allowing—by rabbits. But the badgers, who lived deep underneath everybody else, were so shy and so nocturnal that even country people living close had never seen one.

Most of the time, the badgers busied themselves with things of no interest to man, and so passed unnoticed. They ate anything they could find, from worms, slugs and frogs to roots and insects. They visited the meadows to turn over dung in search of beetles. They grubbed about under the rookery for bluebell bulbs and fallen nestlings. They did much good too by digging out wasp and rabbit nests.

But also they liked eggs.

On this particular night, when darkness had really fallen, yelps and grunts could be heard underground, and scuffling. Then a striped face appeared cautiously at one of the openings among the nettles and elder. It belonged to a big old boar badger, the patriarch of his tribe. Normans may have owned Brockley Farm for four hundred years, but the old badger's people had owned this wood and this hill for at least forty centuries. He too had rights.

He and his tribe were excellent housekeepers, and kept their home scrupulously clean. Every so often they threw out all their bedding and collected fresh. Nothing was allowed to soil either their house or the wood they lived in. They were quiet, inoffensive beasts, though if

Bill's axe came crashing down, but Penn
quicker. She jumped forward as the
badger made his bid to escape. "No!"

vas even
ning old
shouted

attacked they would defend themselves stoically. They had playgrounds. They paired for life. They buried their dead.

The old boar badger sniffed suspiciously for a while before emerging. Then he came out and had a scratch and comb. After that, one good shake of his floppy brindled coat and he was ready for the night's hunting.

First he stood up, showing his sleek black tummy, while he cleaned and sharpened his claws on his favourite beech tree, well scored by badgers. Then he trotted off to the stream for a drink. After that he made for Brockley Farm, where he found the pintail nest. . . .

• • •

When Bill arrived in the morning every egg was gone. He rose in rage from inspection of the damage, then drove off to find old Vivian Scott, the wealthy squire who owned the Fleet.

Bill and Vivian did not always see eye to eye, but they respected each other. When the Scotts' schoolgirl daughter—who should have known better—left one of Bill's gates open while riding her pony down a right-of-way over his property, and the herd of Friesians got out on to the main road, her father had sent her at once to apologize and help put things right.

That was two years ago. The child had been a leggy fifteen. She had thick fair hair, in plaits then, and big brown eyes. Name, Penny.

She had appeared at Brockley Farm too late to help, just as Bill finished getting the herd back in.

"I hear that your—your cows have been out——" she began, and flushed.

"Some ignorant idiot left the gate open," Bill snorted. He'd lost a whole morning rounding the animals up. "I suppose some moron who's never set foot on a farm and knows no better."

"No," she replied, not flinching. "It was me."

"Oh," said Bill, winded. "Oh. Well then, now you know, don't you?"

He was just trying to say something more when she exclaimed passionately: "I came to say I'm sorry and I'll not do it again." Then she ran away.

Bill had not really seen her since then—not to speak to, that is—but he was thinking about that old *faux pas* now as he drove up to Endleigh Hall, the other side of the Fleet, and asked to see Mr. Scott.

"I'm having trouble with your badgers," he began, and told the tale. "I'd like your permission to gas them."

"Can't do that," replied Vivian. "There are foxes in the same earth. Besides, we rather like our badgers."

"You wouldn't if you were trying to raise these ducks. Next time it may be one of the valuable ones. Anyway, what about your pheasants and partridges?"

"Oh, Brock gets a few of the nests. But he does a lot of good too, eating slugs and wasp grubs and young rabbits. Can't you fence your ducks?"

"I have, but I don't know where all the nests are. Way back, when I was sixteen and bothered by a rogue badger, I thought wire netting all along the Fleet would keep them off but. . . ."

They both knew that badgers would continue to use ancestral paths, no matter what obstacle might be put up. It would take them time to get over, under or through, that was all.

"Sorry about the pintail," said Vivian Scott. "But no gassing. Sorry. Absolutely not. Wouldn't do any good, anyway. The badgers are too far in. In nineteen forty-three the War-Ag insisted on gassing rabbits there. They got all the rabbits and they got all the foxes, but Brock was too deep. It was winter, and most of them were dug in, the passages blocked behind them with earth and bedding. I saw tracks again, just afterwards, in the snow."

"Well, I've got to do something," Bill came back firmly. "What about a badger-dig?"

"If you like," shrugged Vivian.

"You don't think I'll reach them?"

"They've had several thousand years to dig themselves in."

Opposition always made Bill more determined. If Vivian Scott thought the badgers were too deep, he would get them. Permission for a badger-dig had been given. That was enough. . . .

BILL inspected the site immediately, and even sniffed the earths, but could smell only fox, not the piggy scent of badgers. All the same, the huge pile of earth thrown out proved that there were badgers here. It showed also the great depth of the sett.

Bill hired a mechanical digger and went to work that very day. They brought the thing up an old overgrown ride to the main sett, and metal jaws opened the hillside.

The men had to proceed slowly though, because, apart from anything else, Bill had a strong streak of mercy in him which often interfered with his farming, and he didn't want to cut any animal's leg off.

They bolted a couple of foxes. They were much bothered by oak roots. They progressed.

The machine was making so much rackety-rack that Bill didn't hear anybody approach. He just looked round and found a girl watching them. It was Penny Scott, but two years older and somehow astonishingly different.

"Good morning," she smiled. "I came to watch."

"Oh. Hallo. Yes."

He threw himself into the work with renewed vigour, enjoying muscles and sweat. His glittering axe blade bit into damp oak root, exposing tanned and yellow wood.

"I hope," she said definitely, "that you don't mean actually to *kill* any badgers that you find."

"That," he grunted as he worked, "is the object of the exercise."

"Then I hope you don't find any."

He stopped and looked at her in sudden exasperation. "They're eating my duck eggs," he explained with intentionally irritating patience.

"I don't care. They're animals. They don't know they're doing wrong. They're one of the few last really interesting wild creatures left alive in this country. They . . . they. . . ." She was pink. She looked really terribly sweet. "They've got nice faces."

"Oh, God!" said Bill.

He turned his back on her, and aimed a blow at the root that severed it. He signalled to the digger driver, who brought his machine clanking forward a yard. It gulped away a hundredweight of earth. Another and another.

Suddenly, in the cut he made, could be seen a grizzle of hair.

"Hold it!" shouted Bill.

The badger had been caught in a cul-de-sac, but he was already digging to get away, and going fast.

It so happened that this was indeed the same old patriarch who had dispatched the pintail eggs. In consequence of his good meal, he had been sleeping soundly in his underground bedroom upon clean, springy grass and bracken, imagining himself, as always, perfectly safe. The other badgers had slipped away along their numerous passages to other setts, but now Himself, the Patriarch, was caught.

Bill leaped down with his axe, but Penny was quicker. She jumped forward as the badger made a bid to escape. "No!" she shouted. "I'll get a box. We'll catch him. I'll take him away to our place in Norfolk. It's forty miles."

They glared at each other as the badger darted back to his digging. Bill spoke hastily. He uttered oaths which he afterwards regretted. But she stood her ground, and the badger was disappearing.

"Oh, all right—all right," he cried. "But it needn't be a box. We've got an old bag here, and some rope."

"I'll help you."

"You will not. He's got a bite like a bulldog."

With spades and axes, and with the utmost respect for Brock's jaws, they tumbled him into the bag and tied him up. Even then he managed to twist and bite Bill's hand to the bone.

The girl had gone to fetch her father and the jeep, and they carried the struggling bundle away. Bill knotted another handkerchief round his hand

NEXT WEEK

THE HOLE IN MY HEART

Pretty Sheila Blundun of Romford had a terrifying decision to make. Should she take the risk of dying in a fight for a new life?

His Son's First Whistle

He puckered up his lips and through
Them blew and blew and blew.
There was a rush of air—no noise,
However, such as older boys
With ease send hurtling down the street
To bring dogs running to their feet.

He blew again, again, again.
He tried and tried and tried, and then
At last, one day, above the still
There came a piping, faint but shrill,
And then another slightly louder,
And he and I were never prouder.

RICHARD ARMOUR

Any Complaints?

When I slammed the door last night all the lights went out. Probably a loose connection. Can you fix it?

I *can*; but first I'd better give you a wiring test. If things are as bad as they look in this fuse-box, you may be getting hidden fires any time.

Sounds like an "X" film.

Well, sir, it's nice to see you able to joke about it; but if you had a fire lurking inside the walls and

"And try not to cut my head off this time . . ."

MAHOOD

IN SHORT

under the floors until it suddenly got out at you from all round, you might not feel like joking. Now I'm sorry, but I can't do the test till tomorrow. You'd better sleep with a ladder up to your window.

You don't think the test might bring in a verdict of not guilty?

Not if it's done properly.

Will you be able to put things right when you come tomorrow?

A rewiring job of this size can't be done in a minute, you know, sir. We'll have to open up all the walls and floors and ceilings. It rather puzzles me how you've lasted so long. It's probably one of those houses that keep going till everything cracks up at once.

Look here, you're getting me worried. Are you thinking about rebuilding the whole house?

Well, sir, now you mention it, how would it be if my brother-in-law looked the structure over while we're here?

What about the death-watch beetle?

Woodwork test? Right.

You're making me feel I'd better scrap this house and get a new one.

My brother-in-law might be able to get you on to his waiting list.

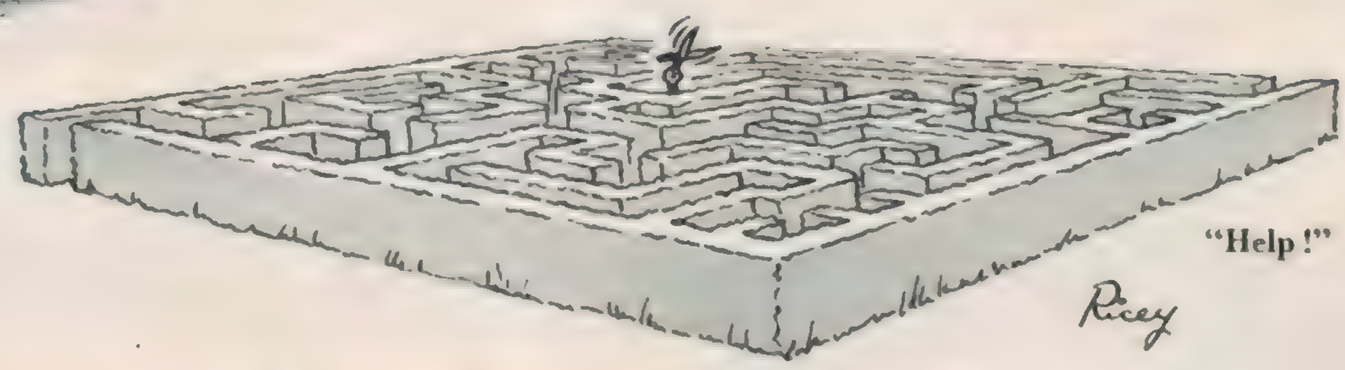
Forget it, forget it. As far as I can see the best thing is for me to leave things as they are and build a new house with the insurance.

R. G. G. PRICE

Other People's Letters

I am sending you, as you desired, a number of my poor daubs. Mr. Patrickson will take your directions as to moving them from 28 Hyde Park Gate, where they are now, to your headquarters. He will also do anything in the way of glass, varnishing or framing which you may advise. He is ready to move these pictures on Monday, March 21.

I have thought a good deal about these pictures. I attach the greatest importance to the "Fontaine de Vaucluse" because it is the only one of these I have painted in modern times. You thought well of it yourself. This is my No. 1. As to the others, I think No. 2 is a good contrast in simplicity to No. 1. It has also the advantage of being land, not water.



"Help!"

Ricey

Various judges think that "The Palladian Bridge" should come third. "Sunset. Cannes Harbour," No. 4, has also been praised and I think you thought well of.

I do not suppose you will be able to find room for any more, but you said send them up, so here they are.

All good luck to your show.

Who wrote this letter? See next column.

Tea

O Tea, thou main stay of our Island Breed!
Delicious drug that meets our every need
Sustainer eke of matrons, men and maids—
Great TEA, that kept us going through the raids—
Thou cure for hangovers—in crisis, friend
Our daily comforter, Tea without end—
Best medicine, blest soother of taut nerves—
What laurels thy discoverer deserves!
Why should we give the palm to them that slay
And cause us all the maximum dismay?
Rather erect a monument or two
To thy unknown inventor, heavenly Brew.
Since how on earth should ever we get through
The day, or bear our burdens, minus you?

FRANCIS NEWBOLD

Foreign Affairs

Twice a week two horses pulled an empty cart across the frontier of East Berlin into the Western Sector. Customs officials never found any contraband. Twice a week the wagon trundled back across the frontier—pulled by one horse. Now the Customs men have tumbled to the trick—the wagon owners were smuggling horses.

Reading that veteran Toronto physician Dr. A. Willinsky was visiting Los Angeles for a medical convention, Mrs. Dorothy Borsook remembered that he had delivered her as a baby forty-three years before—on a half fee. Her husband asked Willinsky to dinner and settled the rest of the bill—five dollars.

Storming out of the house after an argument with his wife, Louis Leboue, of Saumur, France, slammed the door. The house collapsed. Firemen had to extract Mme. Leboue from the debris. She was unhurt.

The letter in column two was written by Winston Churchill to Sir Alfred Munnings in 1949.

Starke's Guide To Gardening

"Let the garden wait. Fine weather may break. Be prepared to relax instantly"

and they dug on, but they found no more badgers.

"Perhaps that's the lot," he decided. Time and again life had taught Bill not to be optimistic, but he still was. . . .

Three or four nights later, a footsore Brock arrived home from Norfolk and went looking for another duck's nest.

Bill saw tracks in the mud by the farmyard pond. It was sure to be the same badger because normally they avoid mankind. Besides, this one had tried to get at a penned duck.

Further digging was useless, and Bill considered poison; say, one duck egg blown and filled with strychnine. But that was too dangerous: there were boys about who might get hold of the egg. Why, anything could happen.

No, it must be a trap of some kind. He hated all traps, so now he wasted a good deal of time wondering how to get this badger in a humane way.

Since he had vowed never to set a gin on any land of his, he settled for a snare. He didn't like snares either, but something had to be done.

Three main badger paths left Fleet Wood coming in his direction, so in suitable places he snared each one of them. He worked with gloves on, so his touch could not be smelled.

In the morning all the snares were unset, empty, surrounded by badger tracks; and so for three nights.

Bill's back was now really up. If this badger recognized a snare and upset it on purpose to show that he'd seen it—as an occasional wily old rat will do with gins—then he must be caught by more ingenious methods.

So Bill staked and bushed the three badger runs thickly. When the old boar had pushed a way through one of these fences, thus disclosing his favourite path, Bill spent a whole morning constructing a run-through trap in that place. It had doors to fall down each end as the badger passed through and trod on a concealed release in the centre.

The whole thing was made of thick elm suckers with the leaf on, strong enough to withstand a badger for at least twelve hours, but looking natural. This time Bill made no attempt to avoid leaving human smell, but instead ran his hands over all grass and bushes round about as well. He hoped that the badger would assume a widespread harmless human activity, not a concentrated malevolent one, and so ignore it.

In the morning Bill came whistling down to breakfast. He was early—six o'clock—but somebody was earlier.

The bell rang. On the step, in the fresh, cool morning sunshine, full of early sparkles and cold oxygen, stood Penny Scott, who had been riding before breakfast. She looked at him the same way as when she'd come to confess about the gate left open.

"I heard you whistling, so I knew you were up," she began breathlessly. "There was a badger in your trap."

"I'll come at once."

"I've let it out."

When Bill got his voice back, he croaked: "You've—*what?*"

"I've let it out. Then I felt as if I ought to come and tell you."

"Of all the damnedest *cheek*. . . ."

"I know, but after all they're our badgers."

He shouted: "They're my ducks. I'll never catch that animal again now in any kind of trap. He'll be too wary."

"But it's given him a fright," she pointed out. "It'll cure him of trespass, perhaps. He'll go back to his natural food and won't bother you any more."

"*You* were trespassing," he gasped, as the outrage began to master his manners. "Interfering and trespassing. You've lost me days over this blasted badger. It's simply monstrous. You. . . ."

She began to smile. At that time Bill didn't yet know her very well, so he didn't recognize this smile as the kind she held on to when she was guilty, or afraid of showing tears.

The smile was the last straw. He lost his temper. He seized her by the shoulders to shake her.

They were slim and also warm. Bill stopped dead. An entirely new idea had occurred to him. Daresay a glitter came into his eye, because next thing Penny stamped her foot at him, which made him laugh outright.

"All right! All right!" He let go of her, and she rode away, blazing.

But that, you might say, was the moment when the next generation of Normans was assured; and no doubt they'll sometimes catch badgers, and sometimes they won't. THE END

© *Norah Burke, 1958*

An eye for a tooth is the principle behind the magic little slider

which has given buttons the slip

by KEITH ELLIS

Zip goes a million miles

JOHN COVENTRY, sales manager of a firm which makes one in three of all zip fasteners sold in this country, recently celebrated yet another victory for the zip. After an advertising campaign lasting more than five years, he has persuaded multiple tailors to fit them into mass-produced trousers.

In a good week his firm now sells 120,000 zips to the trouser trade alone. His success has given the zip its greatest fillip since 1930, when Madame Schiaparelli first made it fashionable in women's dresses. To beat the slump she put out a spectacular gown with a zip from neckline to hem.

Nowadays zip manufacturers take success for granted. Sales rise continually. Every year the world uses more than 1,000 million zips, measuring altogether about 142,000 miles. In Britain between thirty and thirty-five suppliers sell more than 100 million—enough to stretch more than half-way round the world.

Current fashions help the trade. Jeans often have four or five zips. Motor-cycle outfits may have eight or nine in the jacket and another four or five in the trousers. Air travel has brought a demand for lightweight luggage which is almost always fitted with aluminium zips instead of the heavier metal fasteners.

Last year the Royal Navy decided that sailors need no longer call in their friends to help them out of skin-tight tunics. With zips down the front, they can be slipped on and off like coats.

The tight fastening of zips makes them useful in every type of protective clothing. They were used on both the Everest and the Trans-Antarctic expeditions and are in daily use in atom-laboratories. They are not normally considered waterproof, but a zip-fastened bag salvaged after ten days from a sunken cross-Channel steamer was completely dry inside.

Although nearly everyone uses a zip at least once a day, few people understand how they work. Each tooth is really a short, blunt hook which fits into an eye stamped into the back of the adjoining hook on the opposite tape. The hooks and eyes will not normally interlock because there is not enough room for the heads of the teeth to get between the adjoining teeth on the other side.

The slider is so shaped that the tapes curve slightly when they enter it. The teeth splay out and make room for each head to find its place between the two opposite teeth. Once they leave the slider, the teeth are firmly meshed together, each held in place by the one next to it. If one tooth breaks or becomes disengaged, the whole fastener comes open.

During the war the government wanted a quick-release suit for tank crews who were being burned alive in suits that took a long time to remove.

After much research suits were fitted with two specially designed zips which reached from shoulders to ankles. A jerk on their sliders disengaged the top teeth and the rest came apart almost instantaneously. The suits just fell off.

The zip is a child of mass-production methods. Made by the hundred thousand, they cost only pence. But, because of the expense of setting up machinery, one individual zip would cost between £400 and £500.

The choice of standard types is vast. One firm makes eighteen separate ranges, from a feather-weight type for women's underclothes to a heavy service type which will resist a lateral pull of 250 lb. One range alone consists of fifteen different lengths in forty different colours.

These standard types will suit almost any possible application. Out of every four made, one is sold over the counter for home-made dresses, leatherwork and furniture covers. The other three go to industry—mostly for the women's dress trade. After the textile slump of 1952 one zip company's profit of £700,000 changed to a loss of £11,000.

Zips are also used in articles which vary from tents to car-covers, from all kinds of leather goods to the canvases put over ships before moth-balling.

During the war one manufacturer devised a zip with two sliders, each working towards the middle. The zip closed a machine-gun slit in the canvas of an aeroplane and the two sliders were attached to the barrel of the gun. As it reared and lowered it automatically closed the gap in the canvas.

One firm had an order for hundreds of zips to fit on bootees for sheep. Their feet needed protection when they were passing through an area infected with foot-and-mouth disease.

Zips are made from either nickel silver, gilded metal or aluminium alloy wire. After two or three rolling operations have given the wire the right section it is fed into a machine which chops off teeth at the rate of eight hundred a minute and clips them to a 144-yd. tape. Gaps are left at intervals corresponding to the length of fastener required.

A GIRL then feeds the two ends into a machine which fastens them together. After the continuous length has been steamed and ironed, other girls fit bottom stops, sliders and top stops. The individual zips are then cut and inspected.

Although, from the middle of the nineteenth century, many attempts had been made to find a mechanical alternative to unwieldy rows of hooks and eyes, it was not until 1912 that Gideon Sundback, a Swedish-American, perfected the zip as we know it.

The new fastener came to Europe with the U.S. Army in the first World War, and in 1919 a British firm bought the rights.

Surprisingly, nobody is quite sure how zips got their name. One account says that it came into use in 1923 after an American company put zip-fastened galoshes on the market and called them "Zippers."

Other people say that the term was first used when Gilbert Frankau spoke at a promotion dinner in 1926. "I do not fail to see how your company can fail to make a success of this product," he said. "It zips up and it zips down."

In spite of its success the zip is not standing still. In the last twelve months the trade has announced invisible zips, zips that can be welded directly on to plastics, and a completely new type of fastener whose teeth are formed by a continuous nylon filament.

Some years ago an Austrian surgeon used a zip to open and close a man's stomach. The man had a gaping wound after an operation and the surgeon wanted an easy way of getting at it for the twice-daily dressings. A zip sewn on to adhesive tape attached to the man's flesh provided the answer. THE END

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A tarantula spider—the myth of its deadliness still persists

Not long ago a friend wrote to me about spiders, describing the horror he used to have of them and the shock he got one evening when an enormous specimen scuttled across his sitting-room floor. It was a spider of the indoor web-weaver type named the cardinal, the largest British spider, measuring four inches across, including the legs.

He got another fright the next evening when the same monster, or one just like it, did the same thing at the same time—nine o'clock. His fear, however, began to change to interest when this performance was repeated every evening.

The spider became the star turn whenever he had visitors, for at nine o'clock (ten o'clock in summer) it could be counted on to make its dash across the room. This went on for about a year.

Why it did this, he never knew. Possibly it went to a place where there was water. But such systematic punctuality is not uncommon among spiders. They are creatures of routine and, if not interfered with, conduct their affairs by a sort of timetable. Garden spiders, for instance, usually dismantle their webs and make new ones every twenty-four hours at certain fixed times—shortly before dusk, after dark, or just before dawn, according to species.

I remember a jumping spider which appeared on the veranda of my house at Keston in Kent at about 3.30 every afternoon for several weeks. It was a friendly little creature and used to jump backwards and forwards over my fingers for as long as I cared to play with it.

Spiders exist in enormous numbers almost everywhere in the world and are invaluable allies of man. In Britain, by examination of measured areas, it has been estimated that there are about 2,250,000 spiders per acre in any field or meadow, and possibly more in woodland.

They live solely on insects, including many of the pests that attack crops, fruit and vegetables, torment animals and carry diseases. In fact, without spiders agriculture might well become hazardous and human life would certainly be much more uncomfortable than now.

There are six types, known as web-weavers, wolf spiders, jumping spiders, crab spiders, trap-door spiders and water spiders, and they make their livings in quite different ways. Only females of the first type make webs; the others are incapable of doing so. Male web-weavers, when they are young and immature, make miniature affairs, the size of postage stamps, but as they grow up they lose the knack and the inclination.

When necessary all spiders bite their prey, injecting poison to quieten or kill it. This poison usually has next to no effect on man and no spiders in Britain are dangerous. In any case, it is difficult to make them bite at all, and when they do the effect is normally only a slight irritation which soon passes off.

It is the same with most spiders elsewhere, even the huge banana or bird-eating spiders that sometimes come to Britain in cases of fruit. An exception is the notorious black widow of America and some of her relatives, whose bite does at times kill human beings. One or two Australian spiders are also dangerous. But the tarantula, a small wolf spider of southern Europe, is, in spite of its fearsome reputation, harmless to man.

Long ago its bite was supposed to cause coma followed by death unless certain strains of music were played, and the myth of the tarantula's deadliness still persists, though nowadays almost any particularly large and awesome-looking spider is liable to be called a tarantula. In Africa I have had a poisonous centipede pointed out to me as a tarantula.

Male spiders are smaller than females, usually about half the size and in some cases even smaller. So at mating time the male must be careful in his approach or the female will regard him as prey and kill him before he has had a chance to identify himself.

The males of the various groups have different ways of doing this. The web-weaver male goes to the edge of the web of a female and plucks and drums on it in a sort of code. At first the female rushes forward thinking that some prey has been caught, then she pauses, realizing that it is a suitor who has called, not a fly.

The male, still plucking and drumming as if his life depended on it—which it does—gradually goes forward until he is close enough to stroke her with one of his front legs. If she responds, all is well and in due course mating takes place.

The male is now in as great a danger as he was before, and if he is wise he departs quickly. Otherwise, the female is likely to bind him up and eat him.

Some female web-weavers are less dangerous than others and may suffer their mates to live with them for a while unmolested. One of the most dangerous is the common garden spider. During the season she will dispose of a whole succession of husbands.

She is the weaver of the "cart-wheel" webs so conspicuous on dewy mornings. They are sheer works of art and of devilish ingenuity. These webs are always made on a fixed plan: first the thick outside framework, then the spokes joining at the centre, then the radial line going in a narrowing circle from spoke to spoke. As each section of the radial line is fastened it is anointed with glue. The glue is tenacious and the threads, though fine, are remarkably strong. Very few insects have any chance of escape.

The thread comes from six teats, named spinnerets, which are situated at the base of the spider's abdomen and

A bride with murder in her eye

by JOHN CROMPTON

She waits in a silken parlour

to be wooed with the gift of a fly.

If a suitor knocks he's invited

in—and she makes a meal of him

Young wolf spiders on their mother's back. If she kills another female in a fight she adopts the family—and they all climb on

connected to six hundred glands in the body. These glands manufacture a liquid which solidifies on contact with air and forms silk. The spider can use the teats separately or combine them to make stronger thread. She can also produce different kinds of silk and in some cases silk of different colours. The thread is practically invisible; only dew, dust or reflected light expose it.

Silk stockings have been experimentally made from spider thread. A Frenchman, a Monsieur Bon, made some in 1710, though the thread was often torn.

About 1800 the Abbé Raymond de Termeyer got silk by drawing it direct from spiders. Once he drew off silk from a spider and from a silkworm side by side and was surprised to find how much more beautiful was the spider silk—it was more like a mirror or polished metal than silk.

In 1863, a man named Wilder managed to reel off 150 yards of thread from a single spider. But spider silk is too fine to be used commercially. The thickest thread comes from the cocoons, and that is one-fifth of the thickness of silkworm thread.

When the web is completed the spider lays a long strand from the web to a distant nook. There, holding the strand in a claw, she waits. She is half blind and cannot see what is happening in the web, but when her line vibrates she knows that some insect has been caught and hurries out to deal with it.

If the victim is small she sucks its blood on the spot. If it needs subduing she either bites it or swathes it with thick thread until it is helpless. She may then consume it on the spot or carry it off to her larder.

If it is altogether unmanageable and is spoiling her web, she cuts it loose and lets it go. She does not repair the damage, but waits until her fixed time for dismantling the web.

The males, having no webs, must get their food the hard way, picking up what insects they can find, and some spiders have hit upon unusual devices.

One, a yellow and black house spider found occasionally in the south of England, is a sluggish mover and when it sees a fly settle merely ambles slowly towards it and then stops. The fly keeps one eye on the spider, on the alert for any sudden movement. No movement comes, but soon the fly feels a kind of gentle rain falling on it. The spider, with remarkable accuracy, has spat gum from side to side over the fly, fastening it securely.

Vicious though they are as wives, most spiders make devoted mothers. Wolf spiders, which are numerous everywhere, if disturbed by digging in a garden will often be seen running away carrying on their bodies a whitish cylinder. This is the cocoon, containing eggs, and the spider will fight to the death for it.

WHEN the eggs hatch some fifty babies pour out and take up their positions on the mother's back like passengers on top of a bus. They sit there for a couple of weeks, causing the mother no trouble. When she kills prey they do not seek a share. In fact, they do not eat at all and only leave their seats when serious danger threatens—such as when two wolf spider mothers meet.

This means a fight, and sensing what is coming the young of both spiders pour down their mothers' legs and scuttle off to safety. Eventually one of the matrons gets the better of the other, stands over her and, when she can avoid the snapping jaws, bites into her brain and makes a meal of her.

The young now come out of hiding and both parties swarm up the legs of the victorious mother and on to her back. She raises no objection and henceforward regards the two lots as her own.

Should she meet yet another matron with children and overcome her, the children of that one also will join the over-packed crowd above, now sitting two or three deep. Three lots are the limit. When a fourth family is added she makes no protest, but the load becomes top-heavy and falls off when the mother moves.

The crab spider is also a remarkably devoted mother. She makes a strong cocoon for her eggs in a bush, tree or undergrowth and stands over it for six weeks, defying all enemies and taking no food or water. When she hears the young stirring, she cuts a hole in the cocoon. Their emergence is all she has been waiting for and when all are safely out, she dies.

When they leave the cocoon or leave their mother, nearly all baby spiders take to the air and distribute themselves widely. They wait for a still day, then emit a strand of silk. This wafts upwards, carried by the current of air always rising from the warm ground, bearing the small passenger behind.

On a suitable day young spiders rise in their thousands, and in autumn it is not uncommon to see lawns covered with filmy threads, harnesses which the tiny aeronauts have discarded after landing.

Perhaps the most devoted mother of all is the trap-door spider, of which there are many species in hotter countries but only one in Britain. Most trap-door spiders sink into the earth a silk-lined shaft with an inch-thick hinged door at the top made of silk and earth. Sometimes these shafts have been found with the door open, held back by a thread of silk to prevent it closing while the spider is away.

Some spiders make complicated connecting passages underneath, with another door which can be slammed in times of danger, the same door opening one passage and closing another.

But the British trap-door spider fits no doors. The tube goes down a foot into the earth and protrudes about three inches above the ground, the protruding part being made of silk and earth. The female spider lives in this sealed-up tube for from eight to ten years and never leaves it. She waits until an insect touches the outside, then strikes through the silk and drags the victim in. Before eating it she repairs the hole.

The male trap-door spider has a similar but smaller home of his own and at mating time (autumn, not spring) he leaves it and seeks the home of a female. Finding one, he knocks loudly, and if nothing happens rashly makes a hole and enters. The female eyes his puny form and then, rather ominously, goes to the rent he has made and seals it up.

Anything may happen to the male now. If lucky, he may be suffered to remain there for a month or even more. Only one thing is certain—he will never leave that tube alive.

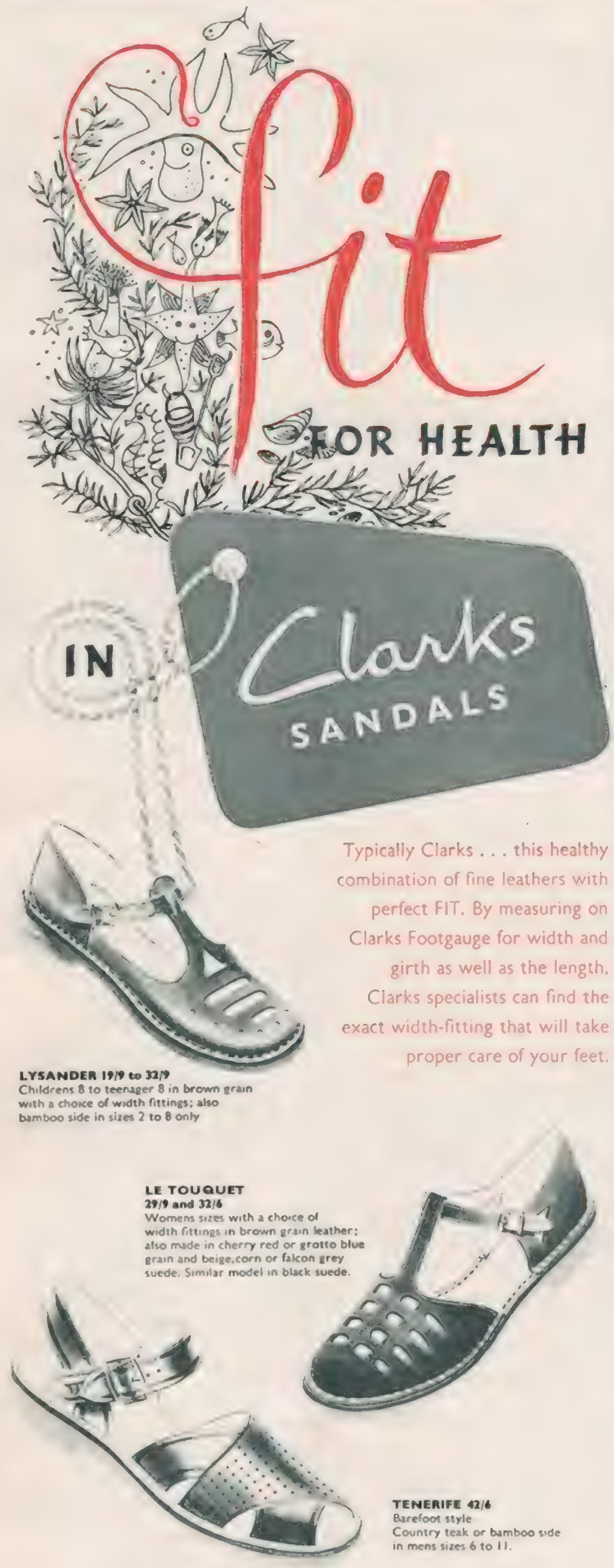
The eggs are laid the following summer. They hatch in the autumn and the young remain with their mother until the spring. The mother then bites a hole in the tube and the young, about a hundred of them, pour through into the outside world, there to parachute away and make tubes of gradually increasing sizes for themselves. They do not reach maturity until they are four years old.

To look after her young for six months shows much devotion, but the mother's patience has its limits. If, when the time has come for them to go, bad weather prevails, she keeps them with her. But not indefinitely. Should unsuitable conditions continue over a long period, she eats the lot.

BUT not all female spiders make such murderous mates. Pairs of zebra spiders make a small tent and live amicably together. The zebra is a delightful little creature, black with white lines, the commonest of the thirty-five species of jumping spider found in Britain. When the male first meets his bride he dances for her. He shows off his steps in a dance which may be a wild, dervish-like affair or a slow and stately measure. Sometimes he is kept dancing for a considerable time while the female looks on critically.

During a study of jumping spiders in America it was observed that one male was forced to go through a complicated pattern 111 times before the female would accept him. Finally the two danced together and whirled madly round.

The jumping spider is very trusting



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and seems to enjoy playing hide-and-seek with anyone who has the time, hiding behind plant-pots, coming out and leaping over the pursuer's fingers, then hiding again.

It is the keenest-sighted of the spiders and catches its prey rather as a cat does, stalking it and stopping frequently.

During this stalking the spider is roped like a human climber. The rope is a silk thread which it emits as it moves and which it fastens to the rail or post or wall every time it stops. This is a safety measure. Usually when the spider springs it lands on its prey. But if it misses it swings from its rope and clambers back.

Male spiders adopt all sorts of ruses to placate the much larger females. The wolf spider often presents the female with a dead fly wrapped in silk, rather as a human wooer gives a box of chocolates. This not only softens her towards him but, if she is hungry, provides her with a substitute for himself.

On rare occasions he has been known deceitfully to give her a parcel containing no fly at all, or one from which he has already sucked the juices—presumably hoping that when she opens the parcel he will no longer be with her.

The crab spider also shows considerable guile. Sometimes, while caressing the female, he surreptitiously ropes her to the ground with silk thread so that he can depart in safety after mating, leaving her to free herself as best she can. One species goes even farther, kidnapping an immature female and keeping her prisoner in a small tent until mating can take place. He has good reason; the female, when fully developed, is one of the largest and fiercest of the British spiders.

The only species of spider in which the male is larger than the female is the water spider. Though it lives permanently in water it is really an ordinary air-breathing spider, but it has learned how to gather a bubble of air at the surface and dive down with it imprisoned in the hairs round its middle, where the breathing tubes are.

For its house it makes a silken waterproof tent at the bottom of the pond and fills it from beneath with air taken from the surface. At mating time the male finds the house of a female and builds one of his own close by. This he connects to hers with a corridor and, when it is completed and water-tight, breaks in.

She is usually far from pleased at this intrusion and springs at him like a tigress. A fight ensues that sometimes results in both houses being completely wrecked, but weight tells and eventually the female is subdued.

For a time, they live fairly amicably together, though the male has always to be on his guard against sudden attacks. No major fight takes place, however. For the female, one was enough.

The eggs are contained in a cocoon fastened in the house above water level. When they hatch, the mother looks after them for several weeks. Then, each clasping a bit of air, the young dive under the base of the house, minute water spiders hunting microscopic prey of their own. THE END

How we built our pool

Continued from page 13

that he cracked himself on the nose and made it bleed.

That mixer gave us a lot of trouble. It never started easily. One afternoon the butcher-turned-bricklayer went out to start it and I found him still vainly swinging the handle three hours later. Frequently we had to clean or replace the sparking plugs. To ensure that no children made off with the starting handle we put it in a safe place. The next time we needed the mixer we spent an hour trying to remember that safe place.

Slowly through the summer of 1955 the pool took shape. Meanwhile the social committee continued to work money-raising wonders. A jumble sale made £51, a social evening £27. A fair in the school playground produced £333 3s. 4d.

In advance, the schoolchildren alone sold £100 worth of tickets for the fair; one girl collected a hundred and fifty sixpences.

The children also ran an "earn to swim" campaign, doing odd jobs for people in the district and giving their earnings to the swimming-pool fund. A girl of ten collected £1 5s. 2½d. from the sale of sweets she made during the holidays.

We finished the pool in the spring of 1956, and Judy Grinham, the England and Olympic swimmer, was first to swim in it on June 6 that year. It had cost us £393.

By now we had a handsome surplus in the bank. Another jumble sale had raised £102, a James Johnston concert £32, a family social £35, and another fair £384.

Instead of chlorinating the pool by hand, we decided that we could well afford a full-scale purification plant. And instead of a canvas windbreak, we would build one of brick and fibreglass. When we had completed the windbreak, we again had money to spare, so we decided to build two small changing-rooms. Once one starts on a project of this kind, one is never content to leave it half-finished. Our next step, I suppose, will be to build a light roof. Or we may install a heating plant. Or, more likely, we'll do both.

The pool has aroused national, even international interest. More than a hundred British schools have followed our example. The boys at Hatfield Secondary Technical School, Herts, have built a magnificent pool, seventy-five feet long, for less than £2,000.

People from all parts of the world have come to see our swimming pool. An architect from Warsaw took home a copy of the plans. A school in Hungary sent for details. Two gentlemen representing Colonel Nasser made a special trip to examine our pool. I have sent copies of the building instructions to the U.S.A., South Africa, India and the Continent.

At my school swimming is now a normal part of the curriculum. In the summer the children have three lessons a week, occupying no more time than any other lessons. To date only one father has refused permission for his children to use the pool. He has questioned its cleanliness. I hope soon to convince him that our pool, with the foot-bathing and toilet rules which we enforce before any class uses it, is even more hygienic than the average public swimming bath.

So that the children whose parents helped to build the pool shall not lose the benefit of it when they leave the school we have formed a Former Pupils' Association. Its members may use the pool on summer evenings and at weekends.

Already the pool has proved its worth. Of the ninety-six children who left the school last year ninety had beginner's swimming certificates. Before long, I'm certain that every child who leaves Mount Stewart school will be a swimmer.

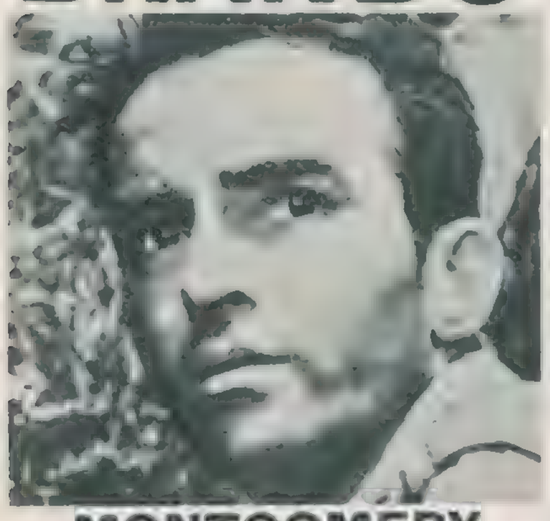
Apart from this practical advantage, our pool (which cost less than £2,000 and has been valued at £5,000) has done much to bind the local community together. It gave hundreds of people a common interest. It built friendships and created fresh understanding between parents and teachers. "A pool for every school" should become the aim of every parent in Britain. THE END

INNOCENCE—I

The innocent people, perhaps, are the cruellest, because they cannot be changed or turned aside from their simplicity of purpose.

Richard Church

MARLON
BRANDO



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while two men went forward to reconnoitre.

The two scouts came right up to the edge of the hide-out and peered through the bushes at five terrorists sitting round the fire. A large cooking-pot supported by three sticks was boiling away, and the scouts could hear the water bubbling as the potatoes cooked. They recognized every member of the gang, which was led by Wambararia, Kimathi's brother.

He was one, they thought, who must not get away.

As the pot was being lifted from the fire, the gang was rushed from two sides. The terrorist who was holding the pot dropped it, spilling the boiling water and hot potatoes over an equally startled companion.

Another reeled back shouting: "It is us, Kimathi, it is only us." He was soon disillusioned.

Wambararia was cool and collected. He quickly grabbed a satchel of documents lying on the ground beside him and threw it into the fire. He was hit on the head with the butt of a revolver by one of our men, who tried to snatch the satchel back from the flames.

When all five of Kimathi's men had been handcuffed together, the fire was stoked up and, in the flickering light, the documents were studied by the only man in our team who could read. While this was happening Kimathi's men saw their valuable potatoes being eaten with relish by their captors, who did not save them one. Then the fire was beaten out, and the party set off to a place called Muti uri Cieni, where I was to rendezvous with them next morning.

It was nearly eight o'clock before I arrived at Muti uri Cieni, and as I came in sight of the tree I saw the team jumping up and down chatting excitedly about something which was obviously amusing them a great deal. But Wambararia and his companions, who were still handcuffed together, were sullen and unamused.

"*Kai ni atia*—what is it?" I asked.

"What we have seen today is the best," replied one, and he told me what had happened.

After the prisoners had been handcuffed together, the party had travelled several miles through the dark forest towards Muti uri Cieni before they had come upon a good place to sleep. Before daybreak they were on the move again, and were just getting to the tree where we now stood when a rhino had charged, scattering everyone.

Two of our men had seen the manacled quintet making good speed across the clearing towards a spinney of trees. To stop any escape attempt they had chased after Kimathi's men without worrying unduly about the rhino, which was still charging to and fro round the tree.

As the terrorists were about to reach the spinney the rhino apparently caught their scent and came racing over after them, but veered off into the forest before reaching them. The departure of the rhino was seen by all our men, but not by the terrorists.

There was panic in the spinney as the fastest of the five, Wambararia, dashed into the lead and dragged the others along behind him. But when he reached the nearest tree and started to climb it, he was pulled down by one of his companions who, standing firmly on his back, tried to get up the tree himself, but he, too, was pulled down.

Sure that nobody was going to climb that tree, the group picked themselves off the ground and headed for another, but they did not all aim at the same one. All pulled in different directions, swearing and cursing at one another. When pulling seemed futile, Wambararia tried pushing, but this, too, got him nowhere. In the end the gang collapsed in a tangle.

All the time the members of our team were rolling over and over in the grass at what they still claim was the funniest sight they have ever seen.

Wambararia looked like Kimathi, although he was far shorter and stouter than his brother. He had scars on his cheeks and lips. Once back in camp he seemed suspiciously voluble, and soon announced his readiness to lead us back to a place where, he claimed, his brother

was hiding. Within an hour we were on the move again with Wambararia at the head of a specially selected force. We decided to attack as soon as the hide-out was pointed out to us.

We might have guessed what the outcome would be. Instead of leading us directly to his brother, Wambararia marched us straight across the front of the hide-out to expose us, then, as if he were still not sure that the gang had gone, round in a circle and back to it through an area of extremely thick, dry bamboo, where a noiseless approach was impossible. When we reached the deserted hide-out and realized what had happened, he said he hoped we would kill him.

At least he was a faithful and loyal brother.

Everything in the hide-out, such as cooking pots, meat, trapping wires and other valuables, was there, which showed how quickly the gang had left.

Now Kimathi was really on the run.

Throughout the emergency he had never experienced such a series of narrow shaves. It was all too much for his nerves. He called on Ngai, the traditional god of the Kikuyu tribe, more than he had ever done before. He became so suspicious and highly strung that the sight of an old rusted bully-beef tin thrown away by men of the Security

INNOCENCE—2

The most effective coquetry is innocence.

Lamartine

Forces months before was enough to send him skittering sideways like a shying horse.

He would not touch a government surrender pamphlet for fear that it was poisoned, or in case it had some curse on it which, in his own words, "would burn out the eyes"; the print of an army jungle boot in the forest would send him dashing off into another area, and the print of a bare foot found in a place which he knew none of his men had visited or passed through was enough to send him off on a journey lasting two or three days.

Among Wambararia's documents was a letter Kimathi had written to him some days before, describing a dream in which Ngai had spoken to him.

As I was sleeping I felt someone hold my hand. I woke up and heard God say to me: "My son, come with me." I stood up, and Ngai took me by my right hand and we walked through a most beautiful forest where there were many red and yellow flowers and big birds with green wings. There were also many big rocks out of which clean springs were flowing.

And Ngai took me to a mugumo (wild fig) tree which was bigger and higher than all the other mugumo trees in the forest, a tree that was like a father of all trees. And I rested my hand upon it. When I did that, Ngai spoke to me again and said: "This is my house in this forest, and here I will guard you."

From this I know that the house of Ngai is in this forest and it must be found and from now onwards no person shall pass a mugumo tree without praying, otherwise he will anger Ngai and be destroyed.

As a result of this dream Kimathi began a series of pilgrimages to certain parts of the eastern Aberdares where large wild fig trees were growing.

While a select group of the very best of our converted terrorists was searching for Kimathi in the Tree Tops Salient and the Mwathe districts of the Aberdares, the rest of the force were not idle. They, too, had been formed into gangs and went back into the forest to work for us.

By the end of June we had over ninety hard-core Mau Mau operating in the Aberdares on our side, and success bred success.

No Mau Mau could merge with the Kimathi gang, but our technique of penetrating and living in with other gangs proved immensely successful.

Time after time our collaborators met Mau Mau gangs and merged with them without difficulty.

Every meeting was celebrated in great fashion with much praying and smearing of smelly animal fat on everyone's foreheads to wash away any impure thoughts that might have entered their minds during the time they had been apart from one another. Everyone would then retire to some secluded part of the jungle where all the available food was eaten.

When the gang fell asleep their guests would lie down with them and pretend to sleep also. Sometimes friend and foe would lie beneath the same skin cover, their bodies close together for warmth.

But as the night wore on, as their hosts snored and sighed and turned, our men would be waiting for the signal to strike. Sometimes someone in the gang would be restless, and the time for action had to be postponed. So as to warn the leader not to rise, warning coughs would echo round the hide-out, and all would be silent for another hour or so. But when the moment finally came, the job would be done with the utmost efficiency.

The Mau Mau would wake to find that they were being tied by the feet or covered by armed men who were no longer friendly.

Every week an average of twenty-two terrorists were accounted for in the forests by our teams using this technique.

Normally it was only when a gang had posted armed sentries round its hide-out that anyone was killed, and these were invariably the sentries themselves. This suited us well, for in order to make progress we had to have information, and only live terrorists could supply this.

When a team was preparing to capture its sleeping hosts, some of them would sneak away to deal with the sentries. Sometimes they found them leaning against trees, blissfully unaware of their danger. These we were

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able to overpower without noise or resistance.

Normally our men walked quite boldly up to the sentries, whose positions had been carefully noted beforehand, and as they went they would stretch their arms back and yawn as though they had just risen from a deep sleep. They would whisper to the sentries about the coldness of the night, about the noise of an animal or about a pain in their stomachs.

They would watch their man until he relaxed, then, with the speed of a wild cat, they would drop him and hold him down. Any resistance meant death.

Sometimes the terrorists, asleep in their hide-outs, were remarkably slow in coming to their senses. It always amazed me how tense and sensitive a Mau Mau gang would be when no sentries were guarding them, and yet how utterly oblivious to danger they would become when sentries were posted.

One night, when a terrorist named Kabangi was captured, all the sentries round about and all his companions in the hide-out had been securely tied up before he awoke. He had been asleep on the ground with six others, all closely packed together and covered with a single dirty piece of hessian, when our team struck.

Four men on his left and two on his right had been pulled to their feet and handcuffed before he stirred. But even then he did not wake up. When one of our men grabbed his hair and shook his head, he turned over on to his side and mumbled: "What are you doing?" With that he went to sleep again.

Another named Kaburei, who was captured with three others, complained bitterly to his captors, when they tried to shake him awake, that he was far too tired to visit the traps. After his ankles had been tied together with rope and he had been pulled to his feet, his first exclamation was: "I seem to feel that I am dreaming of being tied up."

I OFTEN saw terrorists a few moments after their capture. Some would be standing there wide-eyed, completely speechless and shivering violently from shock and cold. They would think of the moment of death, and that moment seemed very near. Others would be past the stage of thinking at all. Mad with shock, they would struggle or froth at the mouth and bite at the earth.

In these circumstances it was not easy to remember that they were fanatics who had enjoyed killing children and slitting open the stomachs of pregnant women. They were savage, vicious, as unpredictable as a rabid dog; but because they were now cornered, muzzled, powerless and terrified, one felt like giving them a reassuring pat.

Those who were suspected of committing specific atrocities or major crimes were handed over to the authorities with the least possible delay to stand trial; those against whom no definite charge could be made, but who were, nevertheless, particularly bad characters, were sent off to detention. Some, we felt, would respond to civilization fairly quickly, while others might take longer; others would probably never respond. They would remain a menace to society as long as they lived.

But there were some not directly linked to serious acts of terrorism. There were terrorists who, though still hard-core Mau Mau, possessed information which would be of great value to us, and who seemed prepared to give it to us. We kept these and recruited them into our force.

I talked to them, Gati—one of the first terrorists to work for us—talked to them, other members of our teams talked to them, and soon they were ready to go back into the jungle to hunt for others.

We were trying to persuade them to change their regiment, not their souls. To them I was probably a rival and more powerful gang leader. I did not represent good as opposed to evil, but I did represent hope for them and their tribe.

It was a tricky business. One could never be really sure that the man chosen for a trip back into the forest would not cut one's throat when one's back was turned. Fortunately, our judgment proved to be reliable for, of the hundreds of Mau Mau whom we captured and used again in the forest, there was not a single case of desertion or loss of firearms.

The Mau Mau in the forests never had the remotest idea what was going on. But it was not very long before the stage was reached when more than half the Mau Mau gangs on the Aberdares were actively working for us against their own leaders and against their own organization.

Meanwhile, the elements of Mau Mau still active outside the forest in the native reserves and the farming lands were being whittled down by the Kenya Police, the Field Intelligence Officers and their pseudo-gangs, the Tribal Police Reserve, and the Kikuyu, Embu and Meru guard.

These forces gained such a firm grip on their areas that if a terrorist were to flee from the forest he had little hope of survival. It was a case of jumping from the frying-pan into the fire.

It was not only in the forests that new techniques had been developed. The Reserve or Settled Area terrorists, the Mau Mau oddments who lived in holes beneath the ground like rabbits, and who came out only in the dead of night to steal food—they were far more difficult to find than one might think, and it took much skill to root them out.

They did not live in holes that could be seen. Their underground hide-outs, or *dakki*, were elaborately built, and one could sit on top of them, or even build a house on top of them, without knowing that they were there.

In most cases the only tell-tale sign of a Mau Mau *dakki* was a hole in the ground about the size of a penny, through which they sucked air. They had a method of *kuhitha muromo*, or concealing the entrance from inside, which was almost as perfect as the forest Mau Mau's method of *kuhitha makinya*, or concealing the tracks.

Finding them in the darkness of night while they were out foraging was next to impossible; finding them in their holes by day was hardly any easier.

Before we got rid of Wambararia he told us something of his brother's future plans. Kimathi was certain that all the setbacks and alarms he had suffered in the previous two months were attributable to a curse. This could only be removed by making a sacrifice, and he had told his men of his intention to do this at the next full moon.

He also told them that after the ceremony had been held a big feast was to take place, and that everyone should save meat and honey for it.

We had known this for only four days when we received a report that a number of valuable cattle had been stolen by a large Mau Mau gang from a cattle pen on a farm near Mweiga. Naturally we thought that Kimathi was responsible, and that the raid had been carried out in order to get plenty of meat for the feast. The fact that Mweiga touched the part of the forest in which Kimathi was living made us feel sure that we were right.

The raid had taken place during the night, and had been discovered by a herds-boy who, on going to the pen to let out the cattle, had found some of the animals missing, others straying and the door broken down. The police found, from the hoof-prints, that the stolen animals had been driven away at a cracking pace towards the northern end of the Kimathi area. They signalled this information to us, and we rushed a well-armed team to the edge of the forest to pick up the trail.

The exact time of the raid was not known, but as Mau Mau seldom stole cattle before everyone was asleep, it was almost certain that it had occurred after midnight. But the gang could not have reached the forest edge before daybreak if the raid had taken place after three o'clock, so it must have been between midnight and three o'clock that the cattle were driven off.

The speed with which terrorists drove stolen stock through dense forest always surprised us, and we learned that it was never safe to estimate this at less than an average of six miles an hour. It was now nine o'clock in the morning and, assuming that the raiders had not stolen the cattle until three o'clock, it was clear that they had a possible start on us of thirty-six miles.

There was obviously not much point in following the tracks from the forest edge. Instead we took the nearest track up the mountain and dropped our team off about fifteen miles inside the forest, so that they could work their way along the slope, parallel to the forest edge, until they intercepted the spoor.

Despite our first belief that Kimathi was responsible, we soon had our doubts. Thurura and Kinanda, both former members of his gang, told us that over a year before Kimathi had put a stop to stock-thieving because nothing betrayed a gang's position more easily than the hoofprints of stolen animals. But who else would dare to venture into Kimathi's forbidden territory?

Our team had not been gone many hours before they found the spoor. Gati, the team leader, had no difficulty at all in following it, and made good speed.

After a few miles, however, the team came to a really formidable hill. The raiders had driven the beasts straight up the steepest parts towards the top of the Aberdares; and, in order to travel fast, had seized hold of the animals by their tails. Each terrorist had knotted a cow's tail, as if it had been a piece of rope. As the knot had tightened with the weight of the terrorist hanging on behind, the agonized animal had threshed along faster and faster, pulling the raider up behind it.

Without the benefit of a similar ride up the steep hills, our men fell far behind. As the sun fell the track faded until they were forced to stop.

They had not been resting for long when they heard men coming up the hill towards them along the same route they and the raiders had already taken. Gati quickly hid his team on both sides of the track to wait for these newcomers. Then three of Kimathi's men appeared, climbing breathlessly up the hill towards them. On and on they came until they were right in the middle of the ambushers.

Then the team pounced, threw them to the ground, tied them up and began to question them about the cattle raiders.

THE story the prisoners gave was an odd one. They said they had been with Kimathi a few hours before when they had heard the cattle raiders passing through the forest. They described how Kimathi made everyone stand in silence for some minutes while he climbed a tree, where he listened to the animals lowing and to the thuds of sticks as the raiders beat them along.

Then he had climbed down and told his men that he thought our troops were driving the animals along in the hope that the Mau Mau, in their hunger for good red meat, would follow them up to collect any left-overs—and walk into a trap. But to make sure, he had detailed three of his men to reconnoitre while he vanished in the opposite direction.

Although this story turned out to be right, it did not ring true at the time. Our men could not understand why, if Kimathi had been close enough to hear the cattle lowing, his scouts should now be so far behind the raiders. Knowing how expert Kimathi's men were in setting false trails, they were inclined

A MEAL TO REMEMBER

by John McCallum

MY wife—Googie Withers—and I were about to take our first postwar holiday when the government cut the travel allowance from £75 to £35. We had hoped to spend three luxurious weeks on the French Riviera, basking in the sun and feasting on the French food that we enjoy so much. Now we determined to go steady and have as good a time as our funds allowed.

On our first day on the Riviera we went for a drive along the beautiful Grande Corniche near Monte Carlo, and at lunch time we passed a most inviting restaurant. We decided that our first French meal for eight years should be eaten in style—and went inside.

On the waiter's recommendation we had *bouillabaisse*—Mediterranean fish soup—followed by trout and a dish called *dodine de canard*. This, a duck cooked in brandy, was one of the finest dishes I have ever tasted. We then ordered a bowl of fresh fruit, cheese, coffee and wonderful French brandy . . . and asked for the bill. Translated into sterling it came to £25 10s.

When the shock subsided we paid and left. We had been on holiday for just half a day and already had spent nearly a third of our money. We decided that there was only one thing to do. We drove straight to Monte Carlo casino.

I did the betting. Googie stood behind, watching to see if we should be getting the next train back to England. I lost, then I won, lost a little again—and won. When my winnings reached £25 10s. we made our way out.

We had a wonderful holiday. We were careful to look at prices before starting a meal. And we kept away from the casino.

How to cook dodine de canard

Ingredients: 1 duck, 2 large onions, 2 small glasses of brandy, 1 pint claret, 3½ oz. pork fat, 1 tablespoon olive oil, a sprig of parsley, thyme, a small bay leaf, 1 clove garlic, 7 oz. mushrooms, salt and pepper.

Put the duck, jointed, into an earthenware dish, and season with salt and pepper. Add the onions, peeled and sliced, the herbs, brandy and red wine. Leave to stand for a few hours.

Put the oil and pork fat into a heavy saucepan and, when hot, add the pieces of duck. Brown for five to seven minutes. Add the wine mixture in which the duck has soaked, the crushed garlic and the peeled and sliced mushrooms. Allow to simmer on a low heat for about 1½ hours.

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to believe that the thief was Kimathi himself, and that the three prisoners had only lagged behind because there had not been enough tails to pull every member of the gang up the steep hills.

Our men took the prisoners a short distance away to spend the night under guard, while the rest of our team lay down to rest and plan the pursuit which would begin when the first calls of the partridges were heard in the morning.

They were too high up the mountain to hear the familiar noises of the jungle. It was even too cold for the hyrax, for the *ngaiyaga* or bush baby, and even for the hyenas. As these were the noisiest of the jungle creatures at night, there was an eerie quietness about the place.

Suddenly the quiet was broken by the sound of an animal in agony—the long, guttural noise that is made when an animal is slaughtered with a knife. It was clear and loud, and came from the far side of the ridge.

Instinctively every man rose. Those with guns pulled their magazine pouches outside their skin jackets because in the darkness there was no purpose in concealing them; those with *simis* lifted the straps of their sheaths over their heads to prevent them from catching on dry branches when they moved through the forest. In a long line they went down the valley and up the ridge on the far side.

Less than an hour had passed by before they saw a large fire burning in the centre of a patch of bamboo, low down in a valley where the land was shaped like a saucer. Only from the high surrounding ground was this fire visible. They stopped and watched for some minutes. Down there, cattle were lowing intermittently, and the noise was echoing against the hillsides.

Quietly our men moved down. The last two hundred yards was covered by very thick bamboo, through which they had to crawl on their hands and knees, but here, as the bamboo was young and soft, they were able to push ahead without making a noise. The glow of the fire became brighter and brighter as they crept nearer, and at last they could see everything clearly from the fringe of the bamboo. The spectacle made even our hardened terrorists shudder.

Before them was an oval-shaped clearing covered with a low grass. In the middle of this arena a large fire was burning furiously, throwing up a spray of bright red sparks. All round this area were groups of terrorists, some skinning dead cattle, some keeping live beasts at bay, others slaughtering the animals. The scene was a whirl of moving figures.

As each carcass was carved up the meat was carried out of the arena a few hundred yards into the bamboo forest, where towards midnight three small fires were lit and some of the raiders began roasting the choicer pieces of beef. The smell of roasting meat drifted over to our men, who knew that all would not be quiet until the terrorists had fed. This would take some time, as each man would eat five or six pounds of meat, if not more, and drink the blood drained from the animals' throats.

By this time our team had identified the gang and realized that Kimathi and his men were not involved. It was the gang of a notorious terrorist named Ndungu Gicheru, whose cattle-rustling exploits throughout the emergency had cost the farmers of the Central Province many thousands of pounds. Our men knew that they could merge with Ndungu's gang in normal times without any difficulty. But these were not normal times.

If they were suddenly to walk out of the bamboo where they were lying, they would either send the forty raiders running into the forest, or start a battle which might be costly. They decided to wait until the gang had left the area and huddled round the three fires. Then, with luck, they should be able to creep up and attack at close range.

At exactly 4.15 a.m. by Gati's watch, when the fires were smouldering and the raiders were asleep, our team crawled forward towards the three cooking points, which were only a few yards apart. As they slid forward they could see the dark shapes of the sleeping

raiders, who were huddled together on the ground by the hot coals.

The silence was broken by the loud clatter of machine-gun fire. All three fires were sprayed simultaneously from a range of about ten yards.

As red-hot cinders flew up and danced crazily above the ground, the raiders began to stir. Some got up and ran into the forest, some stood up only to fall back and roll over on the ground. Some did not move at all. Then the firing stopped, and our men heard the moans of the dying lying round the fires, then the night was silent again.

That night Ndungu Gicheru lost nearly half his gang, and he himself, his leg broken by a bullet, could only crawl a few hundred yards away. There he had spent what was left of the night in agony. When he was found at dawn he was sitting with one leg outstretched and the other tucked lifelessly under him.

The July mists now rolled down over the Aberdares, turning the beautiful mountain into a gloomy, damp and depressing place where the sun would

INNOCENCE—3

Innocence is but a poor substitute for experience.

Bulwer-Lytton

not be visible for several days at a time. The birds didn't sing and the bees didn't buzz. When the July mists come all the sounds of the forest which are stimulated by warmth cease abruptly.

In the early days of the emergency a dramatic rise was always expected in the number of terrorists surrendering towards the end of July, for the cold, dreary mists drilled through their resistance. But those days had gone. The gangsters who still held out had long passed the stage when discomfort could make any impression upon them.

Yet, just as the long rains brought about a change in their mode of living, so did the mists. The valleys, the open grasslands and all places near cold, running streams were abandoned in favour of the thicker parts of the jungle where the undergrowth provided a little warmth. There was a tendency to leave the higher ground and come lower down the mountain; and there was always a drift towards the bamboo belt where easy-burning firewood could be found.

As far as we were concerned, there was no better time for our operations. We were able to move about the forest far more freely without being seen and we could get up far closer to the gangs undetected. As soon as the mists arrived, therefore, we redoubled our efforts, and instead of using two teams against Kimathi, as we had done in the past, we now hunted him in force.

On July 2 no fewer than seven strong teams were bowled into the Tree Tops Salient. They went in from all sides.

Results followed quickly. On July 4, a particularly misty day, five members of Kimathi's gang were captured and a further two were killed when one of our teams encountered the gang west of the Kinaini river. The groups did not see each other until they were a few yards apart. By a stroke of luck all Kimathi's firepower had been travelling with him in the rear, and our men were able to open fire on a largely unarmed vanguard which suffered heavily.

The gang had been licking its wounds for only twenty-four hours when we were at it again. Guided by one of the prisoners taken in the first encounter, we caught two more of Kimathi's men the following day and overpowered them. It was the first time that any of Kimathi's gang had guided us on an operation without trying to mislead us.

Morale among our men soared with these successes. Eighteen days later Juma Abdalla, one of Kimathi's subleaders, fell into our hands.

Soon after that we scored the greatest success since the fall of Wambararia. Kimathi and some of his men had camped within a stone's-throw of a gang leader named Jeriko, whom we had last seen at the Itha river. To all intents and purposes, there were two separate groups living near one another. Why Kimathi had chosen to do this we could never find out. It was quite unlike him to depart from his usual defensive tactics of sleeping in the middle of his men.

Unfortunately the tracks which our teams had followed led them to the wrong group and they went into the attack not knowing that the balance of the gang was close at hand.

No sooner had they rushed Jeriko's hide-out than they were fired on from behind, and this cross-fire killed two of our men As before, as soon as the battle was joined, Kimathi departed like a scalded cat. As always, he somehow managed to escape when he should have been caught.

But his gang of fifty men was now reduced to a total of twenty-one men and Wanjiru, his woman. We were half-way to our goal.

NEXT WEEK: Trouble in the Mau Mau ranks—over Kimathi's woman

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"Gold-plate all the shiny bits"

Continued from page 17

his motoring. Americans, who make up a fifth of his firm's customers, sometimes have different ideas.

A Californian once ordered an "old fashioned" new car to be distinctive among the futuristic American models of his friends. But when his wife objected he had to compromise. He had a modern body fitted with prewar headlamps, door handles and dashboard. Another American paid £1,500 to have front wings and running boards of 1930 style built on to a 1957 model.

"Not that we designers like to recover old ground," says Nye. "In its own way, the quality car moves with the times. A Rolls-Royce coupé we styled for the Shah of Persia in 1950 had its rear lights housed in definite tail fins, long before that trend had emerged in the United States."

Largely through Nye's encouragement, customers no longer always insist on black cars. But once a customer he had persuaded to have his limousine finished in lavender and ivory was far from pleased. Nye, who dismisses all chromium-plated, American-styled family saloons as "coffee machines on wheels," was embarrassed to hear his own creation described as looking more like an espresso bar than a motor-car. The car had to be given a £200 respray, in grey, at the firm's expense.

Nye's first job in coachwork design, when working for a Tunbridge Wells firm before the war, was to produce a bright blue sports body for an Austin Seven chassis. The price was £110. He moved to Mulliner's after wartime service in the R.A.F., joining a firm which had made car bodies since switching from horse-drawn coaches in 1896.

ABOUT a year ago Nye went on a night test in a car with eight lamps and two sets of horns. During the drive the customer tried everything, from all lights on at once to playing a simple tune with the horns. But many cars return to the factory for overhaul after years on the road with fittings such as built-in picnic hampers, vanity cupboards and even ashtrays still unopened.

"Lots of people just want to go a bit farther than somebody else they know," says Nye. When a Hollywood film executive learned that a competitor was having a similar car with almost identical interior fittings, he said: "Gold-plate all the shiny bits." It cost him another £1,000.

Nye was surprised when a French landowner refused the offer of a two-way telephone with which he could maintain contact with his chauffeur. "Make it a one-way phone instead," he said. "I have never yet been answered back by a servant and I don't intend to start."

Portable television sets, working from the car battery, have been installed in show models for some years, but they have produced only a negligible demand. "They have only a limited range," says Nye, "and must be placed out of view from the driving seat."

Nye recently used one of his firm's Bentley Continentals to take a visitor to the Chiswick works. On the way he switched on a radio which had stereophonic speakers arranged around the interior of the car.

"But you still haven't produced a gadget which can guarantee the sort of programme you want to hear," said the visitor.

"I don't know about that," said Nye, pulling a knob on the facia. "Choose your own music," he added as a record player slid into view, complete with a rack of long-playing records.

Nye did not explain that the record player had been installed in an earlier model and had been returned for testing with the complaint that the needle tended to jump when the car travelled at speed over a rough surface.

"Short of getting the government to spend a few score millions on the roads," he says, "there isn't much we can do about that." THE END

Is Ike up to the job?

Continued from page 12

political in-fighting—the sort of politics which his Democratic predecessors, Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman, loved.

The "Eisenhower method" also included a soldier's staff system in the organization of government business. It was a method of leadership new in the White House, and at first it seemed to work well enough.

Under the system, problems are analysed on paper in the lower echelons of the government and then move up for consideration and decision through the various levels until eventually they reach the desk of the President. There, in consultation with his Cabinet colleagues, Eisenhower makes decisions.

But while the system may bring order to the conduct of government business, it also has drawbacks. It tends to be stultifying and rigid. Things are likely to get settled on the lowest common denominator, since staff members are not encouraged to "buck" their own views or disagreements up to the President.

"I never found that President Eisenhower was lacking in decisiveness when a problem was put before him," a former high government staff officer who has now left Washington said recently. "In fact, he always brought a particular touch to the making of decisions—a sort of extra sense about what was right and how to do it. But the problem really was getting things up to him for decision."

And without a free-wheeling adviser at his elbow to leap over staff channels, the President is confronted with problems only as the staff brings them to him — or, more spectacularly, when events such as the launching of the Russian sputnik bring them to him.

The President's closest immediate associate is Sherman Adams, a former governor of the state of New Hampshire. But he functions not so much as a free-wheeling adviser as Eisenhower's chief of staff.

Adams does not initiate policy or decide it—although he decides much at the White House. Essentially he is a dispenser of policy. He organizes the White House business so that as much as possible gets done without bothering the President.

At a recent press conference, Eisenhower referred to him as "General Adams." It may have been a slip of the tongue, but nevertheless it was an open indication of how the President regards Adams and his functions.

THE staff system protects Eisenhower almost as closely as Buckingham Palace protects the Queen. Cabinet officers cannot casually get on the telephone to discuss some matter of government business. The staff clears the call before putting it through. There is very little personal contact between department heads and Eisenhower, apart from regular Cabinet meetings. The exception is Secretary of State John Foster Dulles.

But sometimes under the staff system decisions are taken in an almost offhanded way. Once one of the President's aides went over to the White House residential quarters with a rather urgent matter involving a message to the King of Saudi Arabia relating to the Buraimi oasis dispute with Britain.

He found Eisenhower in a sports shirt and slacks working with his oil paints on a canvas. The President greeted him, waved his hand at a couple of his paintings and said: "What do you think of these—which do you think best?"

For fifteen minutes or so they discussed the pictures and then Eisenhower asked: "What did you come over for?"

The aide explained the problem while the President went on painting, scarcely missing a brush-stroke. After a half-hour discussion he finally said that he thought that a draft of a message to King Saud, which the State Department had submitted, was the right way to handle the matter.

Unlike his predecessors, Eisenhower has not been a generator of ideas. Apart from a few specific exceptions such as his "Atoms For Peace" plan and the "Open Skies" aerial inspection proposal for disarmament, very few new ideas or new policies have been originated by the President. He relies in the main on things moving up from below with recommendations for his own decision.

Eisenhower's job is not at all comparable with that of the British Prime Minister, who has a cabinet which is responsible directly to Parliament.

In the American system, the President is the only officer of the government elected by the people. His Cabinet officers are not elected; they are personal appointees of the President, responsible only to him. The Constitution places the ultimate burden for everything, except the passage of legislation and the administration of the law, on the President. This puts a far heavier burden on the President than rests on the Prime Minister. It is a burden which the staff system can only partially ease.

Recently Eisenhower complained to a visitor that the White House job required so much personal decision-taking that it left little time to think. "That's why I keep a desk here for my brother [Dr. Milton Eisenhower, president of John Hopkins University], so he can drop in and talk about what he thinks," the President said.

To the American political presidents of the past, from Andrew Jackson to Harry Truman, the American Constitution has been a document to be interpreted, moulded and shaped to meet the needs of national policy. To soldier Eisenhower it has been far different. It has been a clear instrument of government which defines the separate responsibilities of the American executive, legislative and judicial branches, and it is not to be chivvied about or passed over or played with or loosely interpreted for transitory objectives of policy.

This soldier's veneration for the Constitution as drafted by the founding fathers, plus an orderly system of doing business and a mild distaste for politics have all been regarded by a vast majority of Americans as eminently virtuous and sound in a President.

To this, Americans add the picture of the President's family—a picture for which most Americans could easily and happily substitute their own photos. There is a hominess and a clean-cut air about the Eisenhowers which Franklin Roosevelt's much divorced young bloods never had and which Harry Truman's White House life never offered either.

With the Eisenhowers, there are the grandchildren coming and going from the White House, and the soldier son with his pretty young wife. There is the farm at Gettysburg on the edge of America's greatest Civil War battlefield —a home which is not quite a squire's mansion, but rather the sort of place most Americans dream they would like to have. There is the regular Sunday church attendance, often with Mrs. Eisenhower looking a trifle wan on the President's arm, adding to the sympathetic public regard for the President and his family.

And while the President clearly divorces himself as much as possible from rough-and-tumble politics, he regards this public feeling very highly. Last year at the end of one of his golfing trips to Augusta, Georgia, he started back to Washington with a head cold. It was a raw autumn day, but people were out to wave at him all the way to the airport. He put down the windows of his car, leaning forward to wave and smile, with the damp air pouring in, and when he climbed into his aircraft a few minutes later he remarked: "Phew! That'll fix that head cold. But you know it would be a sad day for America if Americans didn't turn out to wave to the President."

Sincerity and integrity are perhaps the keynotes of Eisenhower's character. In press conferences and in extemporaneous remarks, the President has been about as fuzzy a user of the English language as any man in public life. But his sincerity and forcefulness come through.

"There have been a few times in my life when I have wished that the gift of eloquence might have been conferred upon me, and this evening is one of those times," Eisenhower said in proposing his toast to Queen Elizabeth II at the White House last October. It was that note of Eisenhower sincerity which has gained him such great popular regard in America.

The weakness in the Eisenhower leadership can be defined as a lack of political follow-through. It is one thing for a commander to receive recommendations from his staff and give his orders and retire to await the results of the battle. But politics and the running of a government, unlike soldiering, require constant political pressure and argument. It is here that Eisenhower has been weakest, and here that the tests of 1958 may be decisive.

His delegation of authority has been wide—far wider than that of almost any president in this century. He has given Secretary of State John Foster Dulles greater control over American foreign affairs than any man since, perhaps, Charles Evans Hughes under Presidents Harding and Coolidge in the early 1920s—when foreign policy mattered very little to the United States anyway. The President has not always gained prestige from this delegation of authority to Dulles, which is deplored by many Americans while Britons and Europeans seem to feel even more strongly about it.

Similarly, Eisenhower tends to delegate authority to Congress—and this year is going to see many a crucial test of his political ability to fight for his programme. He has called for a lot of basic legislation which would be difficult to get in the happiest of times and more difficult still in an election year, with a recession growing.

IF the 1957 experience is repeated, it will be a dismal year. The budget battle last year was almost a complete rout for the President, who failed to come out and do battle for his programme until almost the very end. A key case was his request for federal funds for educational aid, which he had proclaimed closest to his heart and which was killed in Congress simply for lack of a few crucial telephone calls from the White House to wavering Congressmen on the voting day.

"What's the use of fighting for a guy who won't fight for himself," one bitter Republican legislator remarked as he stalked off the floor after the final defeating vote.

Today America is faced with a fundamental challenge to her position in the world, the scope of which Americans had never contemplated until that October day which ushered in the Sputnik Age. The premium on effective leadership has never been higher. Eisenhower is at a pinnacle of power and responsibility which few can envy. "I don't know anybody who hasn't got his own ideas about how this job should be done," remarked Eisenhower when he was discussing criticisms of his Presidency.

Recently one of the senior American ambassadors in Europe was in Washington talking to Ike and remarked that while his post overseas was enjoyable he missed being able to push a button in his office, as he could do when he was a business executive, and have someone answer his problems.

"My boy," Eisenhower remarked with a fatherly grin, "You are learning the loneliness of command."

"Are you still learning it?" the ambassador asked.

"Every day," the President of the United States replied.

There is both strength and weakness in Eisenhower's approach to the American presidency, and history's verdict on the balance will not now be long delayed. THE END

A PROBLEM FOR PERCY THROWER

Alan Melville's seedlings wilt in the sun

ALAN MELVILLE has a small south-facing garden at Brighton. "Last year I put in a greenhouse, but it became so hot that plants I tried to grow from seed, as well as my chrysanthemums and cyclamen, wilted. Can Percy Thrower tell me how to keep this greenhouse reasonably cool, or shall I be forced to specialize in orchids for the rest of my life?"

Percy Thrower says:
Providing that the moisture content of a greenhouse is kept fairly high by sprinkling the floor and staging with water twice a day in the summer, most plants will tolerate temperatures of a hundred degrees or more. But even orchids prefer to be shaded from the summer sun at its zenith.

Up-to-date greenhouses are fitted with fans controlled thermostatically. A paint distemper is sold which can be stippled on the greenhouse glass and diverts much of the sun's heat without affecting the growth of plants. Greenhouse blinds are expensive but effective. But even with all these precautions seeds should be sown only in closed frames, to prevent loss of moisture, and seedlings and tender plants such as large double-flowered begonias and gloxinias, must be kept shaded on hot days.

Now is the time to buy begonias and gloxinia tubers. They should be planted in boxes (John Innes compost number two) and transferred to pots as soon as the shoots begin to grow.

THE MAN WHO KNOWS IKE

DON COOK, the author of our article on President Eisenhower, is on the staff of the *New York Herald Tribune*. After covering United States affairs in Washington he spent four years in Europe, during which he reported Eisenhower's work as Supreme Commander of Nato. It was then that Cook, now thirty-seven, began his study of the man he assesses here.

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The Peace Builders	Victory For Sense
Top Dog Kruschev	A Broken Doll
Scrap The H-bomb And	Tries Us All
A Lost World	Jam After Jam
King Cricket	At The Horse Show
Flame Of Love	Heaven Knows Who
Diamonds	Round The Teapot
To Straighten Things Out	Strangely Silent
If Dad Were A Farmer	Plain Jane
Slogging Away	In The Waiting-room

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

When.....Goes Shopping .....In Our Midst
Overhauled The..... With All That.....
Heart-warming..... .....For The Family

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET

EX. .....

B.

EX. .....

B.

EX. .....

B.

EX. .....

B.

EX. .....

B.

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For ten winners of £2 10s. see *Bullets Bulletin*. 100 "Double Six" Prizes and 1,500 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated June 14), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, May 31, for early news of No. 2,141 result.)

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